

Adair County News

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Do You Know?

That the first cemetery in Columbia was on the hill above and to the left of the residence of Mr. Geo. A. Smith?

That the far end of Mrs. Lena Paul's residence is brick? For many years a one story, one room house stood there, and is there yet, and it was built and used as the first clerk's office of Adair county.

That the present jail building is the third one erected by the taxpayers of the county?

That the High school building, the courthouse and bridge, near the Myers Barger mill, are all on a line?

That at one time there was a law school in Columbia and that the students who attended received their instructions in the second story of the brick building that was burned and which stood where the post-office is now located?

That once a duel was staged to take place on the sandbar, just below the first bridge, the participants being two young men of the town? One of the men was W. D. B. Owens, and the name of the other was Wm. Buckner. Buckner challenged Owens and the latter accepted and chose the manner of fighting. They were to meet on the sandbar with their seconds at sunrise. Their left arms were to be wrapped together with a strong rope, and they were to be handed a butcher knife each, and when the word was given they were to fight until one or both were killed. We have been told by men living at that time that the fight would have certainly taken place had it not been for a runner who was dispatched to Monticello in the afternoon before the time fixed for the contest, for the fathers of the young men who were attending the Wayne circuit court, both of them being lawyers. The fathers started for Columbia at once and landed here just about sunup, went to the designated place and stopped the fight.

That Adair county furnished one Governor for Mississippi? His name was Miller, a brother of Clinton Miller, deceased.

That J. O. Russell has been a merchant in Columbia longer than any other one man?

That James T. Page, though blind, can and does transact his own business, and he has a sight of it, so to speak.

That Dr. J. N. Page was a druggist in Columbia longer than any other one man? He is now in Monticello and his many friends here would be glad if he would come over and spend a few weeks.

That Robert Ball, who built the first court-house in Columbia, more than one hundred years ago, was the grandfather of Mr. B. F. Chewing, of this place?

That the first person buried in the present cemetery was Joseph Eubank, the father of the late John and R. C. Eubank?

That many years ago a carding machine was operated on the lot now used as Mr. J. H. Judd's garden? It was not propelled by steam nor water, but by Jennets. The factory was owned by Mr. Henderson Wilson, long since dead, who, when his machinery was ready to start, placed two Jennets on the tread wheel and they would at once start stepping, putting the machinery in motion. In this way this business was carried on, changing the Jennets at the noon hour with fresh ones. People from all over the county brought their wool to this factory and it was soon carded into rolls. The rolls were spun and turned into socks and stockings for the county. Some of it was also weaved into Linsey for dresses.

That with but one exception, Dick Tate, we do not know his county, Adair county is the only county in the State that elected a State officer for three consecutive terms—P. Watt Hardin—Attorney General?

That Geo. Gallahar, condemned to

death was the only man in Adair county who ended his own life, for crime, by hanging? The deed was done in the jail cell at the close of civil war. He was tried and given the death penalty for killing a man named William Rowe in the lower part of the county. At the time he ended his life "Whitley Bill" Smythe was jailer.

Entertains.

Saturday night Miss Mary Lucy Lowe delightfully entertained with a Valentine Party in honor of the Senior class of the Columbia High School. Progressive "Hearts" was played, after which a salad course was served. A musical contest, "a courtship told in song," concluded the evening's program. Miss Lowe was assisted in entertaining by Misses Vic Hughes and Leonora Lowe.

Those present were: Misses Helen Cabell, Mary Frances Stephens, Eva Walker, Flossie Shively, Mary Graves McMahan, Katie Taylor; Messrs. Stanley Cundiff, Goebel Clayton, Edwin Hutchison, Frank Hughes, Raymond Goodman, Marvin Sinclair, Horace Cundiff, Rollin Cundiff and Billy Cundiff.

Public Sale.

I will offer for sale on my farm, two miles southeast of Ozark, on Saturday, Feb. 26, 1921, to the highest and best bidder, the following property: 1 pair of mare mules 10 years old, 1 mare 3 years old, 1 gelding 2 years old, 1 cow 6 years old, 16 head of sheep, 1 3-in wagon box and spring seat, 1 corn drill, 1 mowing machine and hay rake, 1 Disc harrow, 1 A harrow, 1 roller, 1 cultivator, 1 turning plow, 1 set of blacksmith tools, corn, hay, etc. 2,500 pounds of Tobacco. I will also offer for sale my farm containing 804 acres, and a tract lying on Russell Creek containing 36 acres. Sale begins at 9 o'clock.

J. T. Brockman, Ozark, Ky.

Mr. John King, who, when quite a young man, attended C. C. College here, and later married Miss Nannie Wilson, of this place, died at Owen-ton, Ky., about ten days ago. He was about fifty-four years old. His wife died many years ago. He was a gentleman who stood high in his home town, and his death was regretted by the entire community. He left one son.

Mr. Garnett Smith, who some years ago lived in Green county, just over the Adair line, died in Whitewright, Tex., recently. Before leaving this section he was often in Columbia and was well known to the people about town. He was a brother of Mrs. H. N. Phillips, this place, and was about 70 years old.

Mr. J. F. Yost, of New Albany, was here several days of last week, in the interest of the Mosaic Lumber Co. While here Mr. Jo Knifley sold him his fine Reo car. Consideration not given.

R. L. Caldwell sold three hogsheds of Burley tobacco on the Louisville market last week. It brought him from \$8.40 to \$17.75 per hundred. He reported the market very dull.

People about town are making ready for early vegetables. Quite a number have cleaned off their gardens and a few early vegetables have been planted.

My thoroughbred Jersey bull is now ready for service. Fee, \$1.50 at the gate. I will not brake this rule.

Jo Barbee,

11-10t

Columbia, Ky.

The sale of the effects of Mrs. Emma Stotts, held last week, at the residence, was well attended and every thing sold well.

Two mare mules for sale 3 and 4 years old.

17-2t

J. D. Todd.

The St. Louis Twice-a-Week Globe Democrat and the Adair County News, one year each for \$1.00. Subscribe now.

LAMENTABLE DEATH.

Mr. John N. Conover Dies Suddenly at His Home, Near Columbia, Sunday Afternoon.

A VICTIM OF DOUBLE PNEUMONIA.

Mr. John N. Conover, who was a prominent farmer and a gentleman of high character, died at his home, one and a half miles South of Columbia last Sunday afternoon at 4:30 o'clock.

Mr. Conover was taken sick one day last week, and in a few hours double pneumonia set up which resulted in his death, his illness and passing being so sudden but few people in Adair county knew of his critical condition.

He was one of the best citizens of this county, enterprising, ever ready to take part in movements looking to the interest of Columbia and the people of Adair.

The hotel building now owned and occupied by C. G. Jeffries, was built by Mr. Conover, and for a year or two he managed the hostelry over his name.

He was a gentleman of high conception, as true to his friends as the needle is to the pole. By his industry he leaves a good estate.

When quite a young man he made a profession of religion and united with the Columbia Baptist Church, living consistently until the final dissolution.

He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Lillian Holladay, and five children, four boys and one girl.

Not only his family, but Adair county has sustained a great loss, one whose kind deeds will not soon be forgotten. Many poor white and colored men living in his neighborhood would at times suffered had it not been for Mr. Conover, who came to their relief. He was about 64 years old.

The funeral services were held at the Baptist church, this place, Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock, conducted by his pastor, Rev. Leslie J. B. Smith. The interment was in the city cemetery. A large circle of relatives and friends were present, to pay their last respects to an honorable and much respected countyman.

This town feels the deepest sympathy for the sorrowing wife and children, brothers and sisters. The surviving brothers are Robert and Wm. Conover, the latter being in Texas; the sisters, Mrs. J. P. Dohoney and Miss Sallie Conover, who reside in Columbia.

As the remains were borne to the city cemetery the casket was covered with beautiful flowers, sent in by loving friends, and to-day they mark his last resting place.

A very enjoyable meeting was held by Columbia Lodge, No. 96, F. and A. M., last Friday night. The representation was very gratifying and the work was exceptionally good. The New Master, Mr. Edgar W. Reed, put on the third degree which was conferred upon Dr. C. Russell and Mr. Chelcie Barger in a most admirable manner. Mr. Reed is quite a young man and it was his first work, but the degree was put on in a manner to meet the commendation of older and former Masters, who were delighted to be present.

To-night (Tuesday) the lodge will confer the second degree. All members are invited.

All members, in regular standing, of Columbia Chapter, Royal Arch Masons, are invited and they are expected to be in the hall next Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock. There will be work in the Mark Master, Past Master and Most Excellent Master degrees. At 7 o'clock in the evening the Chapter will confer the Royal Arch degree on three candidates. Do not overlook this meeting. Your services are very much desired.

Horace Jeffries, High Priest.

Incubator for sale, almost new. Sets 150 eggs.

17-2t

Mrs. Minnie Johnson.

AN UPRIGHT MAN AT REST

Mr. J. M. Russell, Who Was One of Columbia Best Citizens, Died at His Home Last Saturday Morning.

REMAINS BURIED SUNDAY AFTERNOON

The death of Mr. Russell was not a surprise to this community, as it had been known to his relatives and friends for three months that he was afflicted with a malignant liver trouble. He went to Louisville about six weeks ago and consulted a specialist, meeting with no encouragement, came home resigned to the inevitable. During his sickness he was not confined to his bed constantly. He walked about his room, and two weeks before he died he walked down town and spent an hour or two conversing with friends.

He was a very quiet, unassuming gentleman, looking after his own affairs, and at no time was he ever known to meddle with the business of others. Up to last November he had lived in this community sixty-seven years, and a more sterling citizen never lived in Columbia. He was strictly an honest man, his walk and dealings through life being evidences of that fact. He believed that it was the duty of a good citizen obey the laws of his country, and had no patients with those who persisted in violating them. There is not a man in this community who daily associated with him from boyhood until he was taken sick, can say aught against his manner of living.

In 1877, under the preaching of Rev. Geo. O. Barnes, who held a meeting here, Mr. Russell made a profession of his faith in Christ and united with the Presbyterian Church, living faithfully to the end. Some years ago he was elected a Deacon and held that office in the congregation when he died.

At this time the Presbyterian Church is without a resident pastor, and the deceased requested that the services held over his remains be conducted at his home by Rev. Jesse L. Murrell, assisted by Rev. R. V. Bennett. Rev. Murrell, who was a school mate of the deceased, paid high tribute to his life long friend, and a most comforting prayer was offered by Rev. Bennett.

Mr. Russell was never a public officer of the county, but he filled the position of postmaster and deputy postmaster in this place for quite a number of years and was most accommodating.

His going away leaves only one member of his father's family, his brother, Mr. J. O. Russell.

He had no enemies, and his death brought sorrow to this entire community. Beautiful floral offerings were placed over his body, in the city cemetery, his spirit having gone to God who gave it.

Knowing that he was ready and willing to leave this sinful world should be a great comfort to those who were near and dear to him.

We do not mourn when another Star shines out from the glittering sky; We do not weep when the raging voice of war,

And the storm of conflict die,

Then why should our tears run down,

And our hearts be sorely riven,

For another gem in the Saviour's crown,

Another Star in Heaven?"

Mrs. Rose Bryant, who was a daughter of Stephen Jones, deceased, died at Holmes, this county, last Thursday night. She was about forty years old. The interment was at Plum Point.

Intestinal worms destroy the health of children and weaken their vitality. The worms should be expelled before serious damage is done. White's Cream Vermifuge is a thoroughly successful remedy. Price, 35c. Sold by Paul Drug Co. Adv.

OIL NEWS.

[BY E. T. KEMPER.]

The recent cuts in the prices of crude oil have not caused the suspension of a single operation in this territory, and all operators and others connected with the business here are very optimistic as to the final outcome, after a readjustment of the matter, including the prices of labor, supplies and equipment of all kinds. This lowering in prices of crude oil is in line with many other products that are now being cut and cut hard. All products of the earth, peculiar to this section of the country, are coming in for their share of the general reduction of prices, and the situation is such that many who are of a pessimistic turn of mind, and who look at the world through smoked glasses, are ready to give up in despair. The situation is anything but encouraging, in certain directions, and the oil business is being hit pretty hard just now, but when your "Uncle Johnny" gets through with placing a few donations, and the great Standard Company completes the filling of its thousands of immense tanks scattered all over the country, then watch the price of crude oil begin to climb again. At the close of the year 1920 the oil in stocks was reported to be a total of 132,000,000 barrels. Stupendous as these figures seem this was only a ninety day supply for the country at large. The demand is ever increasing, consumption perks up in rapid fashion, and a week's time could make a big difference in weather and industrial conditions, and their combined effect on oil requirements. With lowered production, any appreciable gain in consumption would cut serious inroads on the amount of crude oil in storage, so the matter of prices will adjust itself automatically.

Dr. Frank D. Hines, president of the Southern Oil & Refining Company, Denver, has been spending several days in the field at Bakerton for the purpose of getting first hand information regarding the situation there as it affects their production and the marketing of their product in that field. All arrangements have been completed for the shipping of oil by the company, and they will begin to move it without further delay. Their No. 5 well on the Russ Gilbert farm is nearing completion, and they expect to drill in any day. They are counting on another one strike when it is completed.

The Palmer Oil & Gas Company, drilling on the Royse farm, two miles northeast of town, has been shut down several days awaiting the arrival of a lighter string of tools which were found necessary before deeper drilling could be done. Mr. Geo. H. Palmer, president and general manager, has been spending several days in Ohio giving the matter of securing and forwarding necessary equipment his personal attention, and this means that no unnecessary delay will occur in the matter, for Mr. Palmer is a man who does things right now.

Mr. G. A. Roy, Nicholasville, Ky., general manager of the Roy Petroleum Company's interests, was here during the past week looking after their drilling operations on Damron's Creek in the northeastern portion of the county. All kinds of mishaps have interfered with their operations there, and many a man would have given up in despair, but Mr. Roy has kept right behind the development work, and it now looks as if his efforts will be fully rewarded and at no distant date indications are very favorable for an early strike there, and Mr. Roy feels very much encouraged over the situation.

Another break in machinery, this time the drill being broken off in the hole 900 feet down, of the Columbia Development Company's rig, Mr. O. C. Fink in charge, has caused a suspension of drilling operations on the Rowe farm temporarily. Mr. Fink is hopeful of getting the broken parts out of the well soon, and also that he

will be able to resume operations at an early date. He is much pleased with the formation now being encountered, and he looks for a good strike soon.

Mr. Elmo Pearce, Blackwell, Oklahoma, so well and favorably known here as one of the live-wire oil men of the country, writes that he expects to arrive here the first week in March, and that several parties will either accompany him or else will join him here soon after his arrival in Columbia. The gentlemen referred to are all from the West, and they are taking more than passing interest in this section as an oil field possibility.

The last well brought in by the Beacon Oil Syndicate, Chicago, on the Campbell farm, Creelsboro, which was completed recently, is said to be a very promising one. Like the McMeed No. 2, on the same farm and a short distance from the Beacon well, it spouted quite a period to a great height. Drilling is being continued on the same lease.

Mr. W. F. Coast, Cincinnati, one of the pioneer and extensive operators of the country, was here during the past week in conference with Mr. S. L. Ginter, of this city, one of his associates, for the purpose of arranging to begin drilling operations in the Creelsboro field without delay. Arrangements have been perfected, and work will begin just as soon as machinery can be gotten on the ground.

Mr. E. J. Schabelitz, drilling on the Clint King farm, Brush Creek, near Bakerton, and in close proximity to the Southern Oil & Refining Company's wells, has just brought in a fine flowing well at a little less than 200 feet. This makes six recent completions in that immediate section, and all of them are very promising wells.

Mr. Bee Whitis, Somerset, who is vitally interested in the development of this section, was here on a short trip the latter part of the past week and will return again early this week. Mr. Whitis is one of the men in the business who does not get easily discouraged, and he stays right on the job.

The McMeed Oil Company recently made their first shipment of oil from Creelsboro, sending 300 barrels by barge to Burnside, and they now have a goodly amount of oil in their storage tanks at the wells. The Day Oil Company, Lexington, drilling on the Granville Williams farm, near the McMeed wells, are progressing nicely with well No. 1 and the outlook is very encouraging for a good completion soon. A little further out on the Albany road the Mutual Oil Company, Pittsburg, are temporarily shut down with their drilling operations, but oil is standing to the top in their first well not yet completed. Armstrong Brothers have a new rig placed on their holdings on the north side of the river, and they will rush development work to the limit. In the same locality, on the Cy Armstrong farm, the Carahan Oil Company are operating two rigs, and they have already completed one good well there. Among other interesting items from that field comes a report that a refinery is to be built there at no distant date. It now looks as if Creelsboro will be a real oil town ere long.

A Splendid Offer.

Here is a proposition we make to readers who want a city paper, but do not want a daily:

We will furnish the Adair County News and the St. Louis Twice-a-Week Globe Democrat for \$1.90 per year, in Kentucky. To subscribers living in other States \$2.40.

The Twice-a-week Globe Democrat is one of the best and newest papers published in this county. We do not know how long this proposition will hold good, therefore, if you want the papers, call or send in your subscription at once.

This office is now taking orders for engraved work, Call and examine samples. Prices, right.

The VALLEY OF THE GIANTS

BY
PETER B. KYNE
AUTHOR OF "CAPPY RICKS"
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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Pioneer in the California redwood region, John Cardigan, at forty-seven, is the leading citizen of Sequoia, owner of mills, ships, and many acres of timber, a widower after three years of married life, and father of two-day-old Bryce Cardigan.

CHAPTER II.—At fourteen Bryce makes the acquaintance of Shirley Sumner, a visitor to Sequoia, and his junior by a few years. Together they visit the Valley of the Giants, sacred to John Cardigan and his son as the burial place of Bryce's mother, and part with mutual regret.

CHAPTER III.—While Bryce is at college John Cardigan meets with heavy business losses and for the first time views the future with uncertainty.

CHAPTER IV.—After graduation from college, and a trip abroad, Bryce Cardigan comes home. On the train he meets Shirley Sumner, on her way to Sequoia to make her home there with her uncle, Col. Pennington. Bryce learns that his father's eyesight has failed and that Col. Pennington is seeking to take advantage of the old man's business misfortunes.

CHAPTER V.—In the Valley of the Giants young Cardigan finds a tree felled directly across his mother's grave. Indications are that it was cut down to secure the burl, and evidence seems to show that Pennington and his woods-boss, Jules Rondeau, are implicated in the outrage.

CHAPTER VI.—Dining with Col. Pennington and his niece, Bryce finds the room paneled with redwood burl, confirming his suspicions of Pennington's guilt. In a diplomatic way, unperceived by Shirley, the two men declare war.

CHAPTER VII.—Pennington refuses to renew his logging contract with the Cardigans, believing his action means bankruptcy for the latter. Bryce forces Rondeau to confess he felled the tree in the Valley of the Giants, at Pennington's order. After punishing the man, Bryce hurries him at Col. Pennington, who, with Shirley, had witnessed the fight. Pennington is humiliated, and the girl, indignant, orders Bryce to leave her and forget their friendship. He leaves, but refuses to accept dismissal.

"Well, this morning young Cardigan came to my office, reminded me that the contract would expire by limitation next year and asked me to renew it, and at the same freight-rate. I offered to renew the contract but at a higher freight-rate, and explained to him that I could not possibly continue to haul his logs at a loss. Well, right away he flew in a rage and called me a robber; whereupon I informed him that since he thought me a robber, perhaps we had better not attempt to have any business dealings with each other—that I really didn't want his contract at any price, having scarcely sufficient rolling stock to handle my own logs. That made him calm down, but in a little while he lost his head again and grew snarly and abusive—to such an extent, indeed, that finally I was forced to ask him to leave my office."

"Nevertheless, Uncle Seth, I cannot understand why he should make such a furious attack upon your employee." The Colonel laughed with a fair imitation of sincerity and tolerant amusement. "My dear, that is no mystery to me. Cardigan picked on Rondeau for the reason that a few days ago he tried to hire Rondeau away from me—offered him twenty-five dollars a month more than I was paying him, by George! Of course when Rondeau came to me with Cardigan's proposition, I promptly met Cardigan's bid and retained Rondeau; consequently Cardigan hates us both and took the earliest opportunity to vent his spite on us."

The Colonel sighed and brushed the dirt and leaves from his tweeds. "Thunder!" he continued philosophically, "it's all in the game, so why worry over it? And why continue to discuss an unpleasant topic, my dear?" Her uncle took her gently by the arm and steered her toward the caboose. "Well, what do you think of your company now?" he demanded gayly.

"I think," she answered soberly, "that you have gained an enemy worth while and that it behooves you not to underestimate him."

CHAPTER VIII

Through the green timber Bryce Cardigan strode, and there was a lilt in his heart now. Already he had forgotten the desperate situation from which he had just escaped; he thought only of Shirley Sumner's face, tear-stained with terror; and because he knew that at least some of those tears had been inspired by the gravest apprehensions as to his physical well-being, because in his ears there still resounded her frantic warning, he realized that however stern her decree of banishment had been, she was nevertheless not indifferent to him.

The climax had been reached—and passed; and the result had been far from the disaster he had painted in his mind's eye ever since the knowledge had come to him that he was doomed to battle to a knockout with Colonel Pennington, and that one of the earliest fruits of hostilities would doubtless be the loss of Shirley Sumner's prized friendship. Well, he had

lost her friendship, but a still small voice whispered to him that the loss was not irreparable—whereat he swung his axe as a bandmaster swings his baton; he was glad that he had started the war and was now free to fight it out unhampered.

Up hill and down dale he went. Within two hours his long, tireless stride brought him out into a clearing in the valley where his own logging-camp stood. He went directly to the



"Is Mr. McTavish at home?"

log-landing, where in a listless and half-hearted manner the loading crew were piling logs on Pennington's logging trucks.

Bryce looked at his watch. It was two o'clock; at two-fifteen Pennington's locomotive would appear, to back in and couple to the long line of trucks. And the train was only half loaded.

"Where's McTavish?" Bryce demanded of the donkey-driver.

The man mouthed his quid, spat copiously, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, and pointed. "Up at his shanty," he made answer, and grinned at Bryce knowingly.

Up through the camp's single short street, flanked on each side with the woodsmen's shanties, Bryce went. At the most pretentious shanty on the street Bryce turned in. He had never seen it before, but he knew it to be the woods-boss's home, for unlike its neighbors the house was painted with the coarse red paint that is used on box-cars, while a fence, made of fancy pointed pickets painted white, inclosed a tiny garden in front of the house. As Bryce came through the gate, a young girl rose from where she knelt in a bed of freshly transplanted pansies.

Bryce lifted his hat. "Is Mr. McTavish at home?" he asked.

She nodded. "He cannot see anybody," she hastened to add. "He's sick."

"I think he'll see me. And I wonder if you're Moira McTavish."

"Yes, I'm Moira."

"I'm Bryce Cardigan."

A look of fright crept into the girl's eyes. "Are you—Bryce Cardigan?" she faltered, and looked at him more closely. "Yes, you're Mr. Bryce. You've changed—but then it's six years since we saw you last, Mr. Bryce."

He came toward her with outstretched hand. "And you were a little girl when I saw you last. Now—you're a woman." She grasped his hand with the frank heartiness of a man.

"I'm twenty years old," she informed him.

"Stand right where you are until I have looked at you," he commanded, and backed off a few feet, the better to contemplate her.

He saw a girl slightly above medium height, tanned, robust, simply gowned in a gingham dress. Her hands were soiled from her recent labors in the pansy-bed, and her shoes were heavy and coarse; yet neither hands nor feet were large or ungraceful. Her head was well formed; her hair, jet black and of unusual lustre and abundance, was parted in the middle and held in an old-fashioned coil at the nape of a neck the beauty of which was revealed by the low cut of her simple frock. Her nose was patrician, her face oval; her lips, full and red, were slightly parted in the adorable Cupid's bow which is the inevitable heritage of a short upper lip; her teeth were white as Parian marble; and her full breast was rising and falling swiftly, as if she labored under suppressed excitement.

So delightful a picture did Moira

McTavish make that Bryce forgot all his troubles in her sweet presence. "By the gods, Moira," he declared earnestly, "you're a peach! When I saw you last, you were awkward and leggy, like a colt. I'm sure you weren't a bit good-looking. And now you're the most ravishing young lady in seventeen counties. By jingo, Moira, you're a stunner and no mistake. Are you married?"

She shook her head, blushing pleasantly at his unpolished but sincere compliments.

"What? Not married. Why, what the deuce can be the matter with the eligible young fellows hereabouts?"

"There aren't any eligible young fellows hereabouts, Mr. Bryce. And I've lived in these woods all my life."

"Are you lonely, Moira?"

She nodded.

"Poor Moira!" he murmured absently.

The thought that he so readily understood touched her; a glint of tears was in her sad eyes. He saw them and placed his arms fraternally around her shoulders. "Tut-tut, Moira! Don't cry," he soothed her. "I understand perfectly, and of course we'll have to do something about it. You're too fine for this." With a sweep of his hand he indicated the camp. "Sit down on the steps, Moira, and we'll talk it over. I really called to see your father, but I guess I don't want to see him after all—if he's sick."

She looked at him bravely. "I didn't



"Father isn't Sick. He's Drunk."

know you at first, Mr. Bryce. I fished. Father isn't sick. He's drunk."

"I thought so when I saw the loading-crew taking it easy at the log-landing. I'm terribly sorry."

"I loathe it—and I cannot leave it," she burst out vehemently. "I'm chained to my degradation. I dream dreams, and they'll never come true. I—I—oh, Mr. Bryce, Mr. Bryce, I'm so unhappy."

"So am I," he retorted. "We all get our dose of it, you know, and just at present I'm having an extra helping it seems. You're cursed with too much imagination, Moira. I'm sorry about your father. For all his sixty years, Moira, your confounded parent can still manhandle any man on the pay-roll, and as fast as Dad put in a new woods-boss old Mac drove him off the job. He simply declines to be fired, and Dad's worn out and too tired to bother about his old woods-boss any more. He's been waiting until I should get back."

"I know," said Moira wearily. "No body wants to be Cardigan's woods-boss and have to fight my father to hold his job. I realize what a nuisance he has become."

Bryce chuckled. "Of course the matter simmers down to this: Dad is so fond of your father that he just hasn't got the moral courage to work him over—and now that job is up to me. Moira, I'm not going to beat about the bush with you. They tell me your father is a hopeless inebriate."

"I'm afraid he is, Mr. Bryce."

"How long has he been drinking to excess?"

"About ten years, I think. Of course, he would always take a few drinks with the men around pay-day, but after mother died, he began taking his drinks between pay-days. Then he took to going down to Sequoia on Saturday nights and coming back on the mad-train, the maddest of the lot. I suppose he was lonely, too. He didn't get real bad, however, till about two years ago."

"Well, we have to get logs to the mill, and we can't get them with old John Barleycorn for a woods-boss, Moira. So we're going to change woods-bosses, and the new woods-boss will not be driven off the job, because I'm going to stay up here a couple of weeks and break him in myself. But how do you manage to get money to clothe yourself?—Sinclair tells me Mac needs every cent of his two hundred and fifty dollars a month to enjoy himself."

"I used to steal from him," the girl admitted. "Then I grew ashamed of that, and for the past six months I've been earning my own living. Mr. Sinclair was very kind. He gave me a job waiting on table in the camp dining room. You see, I had to have something here. I couldn't leave my father. He had to have somebody to take care of him. Don't you see, Mr. Bryce?"

"Sinclair is a fuzzy old fool," Bryce declared with emphasis. "The idea of our woods-boss's daughter slinging hash to lumberjacks. Poor Moira!"

He took one of her hands in his, noting the callous spots on the plump palm, the thick finger-joints that hinted so of toil, the nails that had never been manicured save by Moira herself.

"Do you remember when I was a boy, Moira, how I used to come up to the logging-camps to hunt and fish? I always lived with the McTavishes then. And in September, when the huckleberries were ripe, we used to go out and pick them together. Poor Moira! Why, we're old pals, and I'll be shot if I'm going to see you suffer. Listen, Moira. I'm going to fire your father, as I've said, because he's working for old J. B. now, not the Cardigan Redwood Lumber company. I really ought to pension him after his long years in the Cardigan service, but I'll be hanged if we can afford pensions any more—particularly to keep a man in booze; so the best our old woods-boss gets from me is this shanty, or another like it when we move to new cuttings, and a perpetual meal-ticket for our camp dining room while the Cardigans remain in business. I'd finance him for a trip to some state institution where they sometimes reclaim such wreckage, if I didn't think he's too old a dog to be taught new tricks."

"Perhaps," she suggested sadly, "you had better talk the matter over with him."

"No, I'd rather not. I'm fond of your father, Moira. He was a man when I saw him last—such a man as these woods will never see again—and I don't want to see him again until he's cold sober. I'll write him a letter. As for you, Moira, you're fired, too. I'll not have you waiting on table in my logging-camp—not by a jugful! You're to come down to Sequoia and go to work in our office. We can use you on the books, helping Sinclair, and relieve him of the task of billing, checking tallies, and looking after the pay roll. I'll pay you a hundred dollars a month, Moira. Can you get along on that?"

Her hand closed over his tightly, but she did not speak.

"All right, Moira. It's a go, then. There, there, girl, don't cry. We Cardigans had twenty-five years of faithful service from Donald McTavish before he commenced slipping; after all, we owe him something, I think."

She drew his hand suddenly to her lips and kissed it; her hot tears of joy fell on it, but her heart was too full for mere words.

"Fiddle-de-dee, Moira! Buck up," he protested, hugely pleased, but embarrassed withal. "The way you take this, one would think you had expected me to go back on an old pal and had been pleasantly surprised when I didn't. Cheer up, Moira! I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll advance you two months' salary for—well, you'll need a lot of clothes and things in Sequoia that you don't need here. And I'm glad I've managed to settle the McTavish hash without kicking up a row and hurting your feelings. Poor old Mac! I'm sorry I can't bear with him, but we simply have to have the logs, you know."

He rose, stooped, and pinched her ear; for had he not known her since childhood, and had they not gathered huckleberries together in the long ago? She was sister to him—just another one of his problems—and nothing more. "Report on the job as soon as possible, Moira," he called to her from the gate.

Presently, when Moira lifted her Madonna glance to the frieze of timber on the skyline, there was a new glory in her eyes; and lo, it was autumn in the woods, for over that hill Prince Charming had come to her, and life was all crimson and gold!

When the train loaded with Cardigan logs crawled in on the main track and stopped at the log-landing in Pennington's camp, the locomotive uncoupled and backed in on the siding for the purpose of kicking the caboose. In which Shirley and Colonel Pennington had ridden to the woods, out onto the main line again—where, owing to a slight downhill grade, the caboose controlled by the brakeman could coast gently forward and be hooked onto the end of the log train for the return journey to Sequoia.

Throughout the afternoon Shirley, following the battle royal between Bryce and the Pennington retainers, had sat dismally in the caboose. She was prey to many conflicting emotions; but having had what her sext term "a good cry," she had to a great extent recovered her customary poise—and was busily speculating on the rapidity with which she could leave Sequoia and forget she had ever met Bryce Cardigan—when the log train rumbled into the landing and the last of the long string of trucks came to a stop directly opposite the caboose.

Shirley happened to be looking through the grimy caboose window at that moment. On the top log of the load the object of her unhappy speculations was seated; apparently quite oblivious of the fact that he was back once more in the haunt of his enemies, although knowledge that the double-bitted ax he had so unceremoniously borrowed of Colonel Pennington was driven deep into the log beside him, with the haft convenient to his hand, probably had much to do with Bryce's air of detached indifference.

Shirley told herself that should he move, should he show the slightest disposition to raise his head and bring his eyes on a level with hers, she would dodge away from the window in time to escape his scrutiny.

She reckoned without the engine. With a smart bump it struck the caboose and shunted it briskly up the siding; at the sound of the impact Bryce raised his troubled glance just in time to see Shirley's body, yield-

REMEMBER to ask your grocer for Calumet Baking Powder and be sure that you get it—the Indian head on the orange label. Then forget about bake day failures. For you will never have any. Calumet always produces the sweetest and most palatable foods. And now remember, you always use less than of most other brands because it possesses greater leavening strength.



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CALUMET BAKING POWDER

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Gluten gives flour a good part of its food value—the element that nourishes the body. To be sure of getting it, use only pure baking powder with plain flour, (not self-rising flour).

Calumet

Columbia

Muffin

Recipe

—4 cups sifted flour, 4 level teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 eggs, 2 cups of sweet milk. Then mix in the regular way.

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is easily accessible, right in the shopping district of Louisville, and we would be glad to see our many friends and patrons of Adair county at our new quarters.

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ling to the shock, sway into full view at the window.

With difficulty he suppressed a grin. "I'll bet my immortal soul she was peeking at me," he soliloquized. "Confound the luck! Another meeting this afternoon would be embarrassing." Tacitly he resumed his study of his feet, not even looking up when the caboose, after gaining the main track, slid gently down the slight grade and was coupled to the rear logging truck. He heard the engineer shout to the brakeman—who had ridden down from the head of the train to unlock the sliding switch and couple the caboose—to hurry up, lock the switch, and get back aboard the engine.

"Can't get this damned key to turn in the lock," the brakeman shouted presently. "Lock's rusty, and something's gone bust inside."

Minutes passed. Bryce's assumed abstraction became real, for he had many matters to occupy his busy brain, and it was impossible for him to sit idle without adverting to some of them. Presently he was subconsciously aware that the train was moving gently forward; almost immediately, it seemed to him, the long string of trucks had gathered their customary speed; and then suddenly it dawned upon Bryce that the train had started off without a single jerk—and that it was gathering headway rapidly.

He looked ahead—and his hair grew creepy at the roots. There was no locomotive attached to the train! It was running away down a two per cent grade, and because of the tremendous weight of the train, it was gathering momentum at a fearful rate.

Continued on Page 6.

The Adair County News \$1.50

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Harry Daugherty and Will
Hays have gone to St. Augustine
Fla., to confer with Harding.

The value of live stock in Kentucky decreased fifty million dollars in 1920, according to a Federal report.

The British Parliament meets today and the fall of the Lord George ministry is threatened.

Younger Senators have started a drive to break the hold of the Old Guard on Harding.

UNEARTH CHURCH OF 4TH CENTURY

Valuable Research Work Is
Started Under British Rule
in Palestine.

SHRINES WILL BE RESTORED

Fortress of the Crusaders May Be-
come Memorial to Lord Allenby—
Excavations in Garden of Geth-
semane Started Last Spring.

London.—According to a Liverpool correspondent of the Times the discovery of a very early Christian church in the Garden of Gethsemane has directed attention to the valuable work which is being carried out in Palestine under the direction of the newly formed department of antiquities. Sir Herbert Samuel recognized from the outset of his career as high commissioner that the whole world was anxious that all possible care should be taken of the monuments, and every facility afforded for investigating the history of the Holy Land. He called to his aid the director of the British School of Archaeology in Jerusalem, who is now home once more after strenuous work which he has had the gratification of seeing bear fruit.

Excavations in the Garden of Gethsemane were begun by the Franciscans in the spring of last year, and they discovered a church of the thirteenth century. In digging the foundations for a new building on the spot they discovered traces of a much earlier church on a slightly different axis. They duly received permission to excavate this earlier building, which proved to be a church of about the fourth century, and one of the oldest monuments to Christianity in Palestine. The whole of the outside wall can be traced, together with the two rows of columns which supported the aisles, and three apses, the central one being the largest. Here and there are well preserved, though small, remains of the original mosaic floor.

The Franciscans have undertaken to preserve these remains in such a way that they will be permanently visible; even though a new church be built, it will be designed to inclose the old church, and steps will be taken to distinguish the outline of the ancient structure and to preserve the pavement and the bases of columns in a way that is quite satisfactory. The central apse of this building reaches out just beyond the modern limits of the garden toward the rocks which are usually associated with the Agony of Christ. It has been arranged that the work shall be completed by the Board of Antiquities on behalf of the government. Some architectural fragments, including columns, with capitals in Corinthian style, came to light in the course of the excavation.

Plan Memorial to Allenby.

One of the first acts of the new government under Sir Herbert Samuel was to organize a department of antiquities, the principal function of which is the protection of all the historical sites and monuments in Palestine and at the same time to encourage learned societies to make scientific excavations. The historical monuments of Palestine are not merely interesting from an antiquarian point of view, but have a human and a religious interest for the great bulk of humanity. Accordingly, an international board has been established to advise the director of antiquities on matters of common interest to the different local societies and schools of foreign powers engaged in archaeological research.

One of the most holy places of Mohammedanism, familiarly known as the Mosque of Omar, which is also one of the most beautiful Moslem buildings extant, is here. The earlier development of the Jewish kingdom will be traceable by systematic excavation from the Pool of Siloam upward along the Ridge of Ophel as far as the site of the Temple.

There are many interesting buildings of Mohammedans and Crusaders, not only in Jerusalem, but scattered through the country. One of the most imposing of the Crusaders' structures is the great fortress at Atilah, on the coast between Haifa and Jaffa. This is the place from which Richard Coeur de Lion finally evacuated his forces. It is a wonderful and imposing ruin, and the government of Palestine is laying its plans for the systematic preserving and opening up of the monument. It has been suggested that its restoration would be a fitting memorial to Lord Allenby, and though no action has been taken officially in this direction, the appropriateness of such a course is generally recognized.

Promising sites, dating further back into the earlier history of Palestine before the Jews, are also awaiting excavation. One of these is the ancient fortress of Magdoo, famous as far back as the time of the Pharaohs, and an American university is proposing to make a complete examination of this site. Another is Beisan, which lies at the junction of the Vale of Esdraelon, with the Valley of the Jordan in a commanding position, aptly described by George Adam Smith as the key to Palestine. This site is now marked by imposing mounds, which have long been a source of surreptitious digging by curio hunters and dealers. It is very satisfactory to be able to say that a second university in

America, with very considerable resources, is arranging to excavate here. Streets of Ascalon Opened.

A very interesting discovery was made at the close of the war near Jericho, where the remains of an ancient Jewish synagogue, having a mosaic paved floor with an inscription in early Hebrew characters worked into the pavement design, were found. The excavation of this is to be completed by the very learned Dominican archeologists representing the French school of archeology in Palestine. A young and vigorous Jewish archeological society is making a preliminary examination of various sites of interest in Jewish history, notably Artuf, Caesarea and Tiberia. The latter is proving to be of particular interest and attention was directed to it early after the British occupation, when numerous traces of ancient buildings of the period of Talmud, just south of the town, were brought to light by roadmakers and engineers in the course of their duties. Overlooking the northern shore of the Sea of Galilee are the very remarkable and interesting remains of an early Jewish synagogue.

It is to be hoped that on the completion of the excavation steps will be taken and the means forthcoming to restore this ancient building, of which a great portion of the masonry is lying about, apparently as the result of some earthquake. Should it be possible scientifically to reconstruct the building it will prove a unique addition to the wonders of Palestine.

The chief feature of the last year in the work of excavation has been the opening of the work at Ascalon, which has been undertaken by the Palestine Exploration fund. The results are not yet published, but are of remarkable promise. A very fine building of Roman date—namely, a massive temple or forum built entirely of Greek marble, possibly the Temple of the Fortune or City Goddess, was one of the wonders discovered. The columns of this building weighed nine tons each, and the capitals three tons. The whole structure, both floors, walls and columns, is entirely of marble. It is to be presumed that the building was prepared in one of the Greek islands and transhipped, ready for construction, to Ascalon during the first or second century of our era. Traces have been found of a secret well mentioned by one of the early writers, possibly a remnant of the early sacred lake of the famous goddess Derceto.

Ascalon was the home of Herod the Great, and we are told in early literature that he greatly embellished the city with splendid colonnades. It will in time be possible to recognize these. One of the objects discovered is a gigantic foot, measuring over a yard from heel to toe, wearing a sandal, the whole in alabaster, possibly part of a huge statue of his time. The chief interest to the scientific world is the effort which the Palestine Exploration fund is making to recover some tangible remains of the Philistines and their civilization, and it is believed that the layers representing this period have been located, as well as some objects illustrating their civilization. Unfortunately, the Philistine layer is at a great depth, five to seven meters (16 to 23 feet) below the surface, and all those interested in the development of our knowledge of Palestine in Bible times must realize that the work of the fund can only be adequately done if adequately supported.

NEW GLACIER PARK RECORD

22,449 Tourists This Year Saw the
Scenic Beauties of Montana
Wonderland.

Washington.—Glacier National park again has broken all its records for tourist travel, according to the report of George Goodwin, the superintendent of national parks. His figures show that this year a total of 22,449 tourists visited Glacier park. The majority of these travelers entered the park via the main gateway, at Glacier Park Station, Montana. These tourists came from every state in the Union and from nearly every country upon the face of the earth.

A new wonderland section of Glacier park is to be revealed by the government next year, when horse trails will be completed, opening to the tourists a stretch of marvelous scenic beauty in that part of the Rockies lying between Many Glacier chalet village and the Canadian boundary. Therein are many square miles of picturesque country which hitherto has only been traveled by Indians and a very few white explorers.

To Deliver Newspaper at Man's Tomb Each Day

The body of Sam Rades, business man of Topeka, Kan., who died recently, has been placed in a concrete vault which he erected himself several years ago. An electric light, with which the vault is provided, will be burned constantly.

A Topeka newspaper asserts that Mr. Rades took out a 20-year paid-up subscription just before he died, and at his request the paper will be delivered at the burial vault every day.

Everything Handy for the Robbers. Cambridge, O.—The city will install four riot guns and two high-powered rifles in a glass case in front of a local bank, to be used when robbers come. But no one seems to have figured out what will happen if the robbers reach the case first.

BIG STOCK OF CLOTHING

I am now ready to supply young men, old men and boys with clothing. I have an immense stock and receiving new supplies daily. I can interest you in prices. If you need any thing in this line, call at once.

SHOES! SHOES!!

My stock of fine shoes for men and boys was selected with care. I bought them right, and they are being sold at the shortest profit.

I can also accommodate ladies and young girls with the latest styles in shoes.

BUGGIES AND WAGONS.

I have a large supply of the very best makes and I am selling them at living prices. Riding and walking plows, all kinds at LIBERAL DISCOUNT for CASH.

It matters not what you need on the farm, I can please you in the article and price.

WOODSON LEWIS

GREENSBURG,

KENTUCKY.

OWN GAS KILLS HIM

Chemist Commits Suicide Under
Dramatic Circumstances.

Pays All Debts and From Remaining
Stock of Chemicals Mixes Com-
pound to Generate Gas.

London.—Composing his own lethal gas, Constantine De Mereshevsky, a chemist and biologist of international repute, former professor in the University of Petrograd, committed suicide in a Geneva hotel under dramatic circumstances.

Mereshkevsky escaped from Russia with a small fortune, which was exhausted after two years' residence in Geneva, where he continued his research work and wrote a number of scientific books. When his funds were gone he was too proud to appeal for help, though in view of his high standing he could have obtained a handsome subsidy to pursue his studies from scientific associations in America, France and England had he stooped to solicit aid.

He preferred to die. He scrupulously paid all his debts and then from his remaining stock of chemicals mixed a special composition which he poured into a receptacle, to which he attached a tube.

At the other end of the tube was a mask which he placed over his face, and then binding himself to the bed released the gas which was given off from the composition. He died from asphyxiation. Firemen had to wear smoke helmets to remove the body from the room.

26,869 ALIENS IN SHANGHAI

Entire Population Estimated at More
Than 2,000,000—No Census of
City Taken.

Shanghai.—A quinquennial census taken in October in the French concession and the international settlement gives Shanghai a foreign popu-

560, according to official

A census of the entire city, native and foreign, has never been taken, but careful estimates place the population at more than 2,000,000.

The international settlement has a foreign population of 23,307 and the French concession 3,562. In the two concessions the Japanese lead in point of numbers with 10,521. British are second with 6,385, Americans third, 2,813, and Russians fourth, 1,382. There are 846 Frenchmen in the two districts.

The international settlement has 35 known different nationalities, with 13 of undefined nationality. The German population, which in 1915 totaled 1,155, has dwindled to 280.

CONQUER YANGTZE RAPIDS

Hydroslide to Be Used to Effect Navi-
gation Beyond Gorges in Chi-
nese Stream.

Shanghai.—By means of the hydroslide, which the British used successfully in Mesopotamia during the war, another effort, and one wholly novel to China, is to be made to conquer the rapids of the Yangtze gorges. At places there the current attains a velocity of more than thirty miles an hour.

The ordinary head of navigation for steamers on the Yangtze is at Ichang, a thousand miles from the coast, but Szechuen, China's most populous province, and one of its richest, lies nearly four hundred miles further up the river, beyond the wild bandit-ridden country of the gorges.

The use of the hydroslides on the upper Yangtze is the enterprise of a French company with headquarters in Shanghai. A number of these craft were sent up the Yangtze from Shanghai in December for trial runs.

An auto party of eighteen returning from the golf links were held up and robbed by bandits near Newark, N. J.

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Gratification are Guaranteed.

Give us a Trial and be Convinced.

BLUFFS THIEF WITH SPOON

New York Woman Pokes Fake Gun in
Robber's Ribs and Holds Him
for Police.

New York.—Awakened at an early hour by the clicking of a key in the front door of her apartment, Miss Bertha Miller, architect, crept noiselessly from bed, drew a shining object from a buffet drawer and waited.

A man came through the door. He felt something press against his ribs and heard an order:

"Behave, now. Keep your hands up and sit down in that chair."

He obeyed. Miss Miller called her sister, who opened a window and blew a police whistle.

Police came. Miss Miller sighed, sank in a chair and tossed a silver spoon on the table.

The man, who said he was Michael Amlo of Dansville, N. Y., was held in \$2,500 bail on a technical charge of burglary.

After 89 hours of deliberation the Winnes jury at Harlan was discharged and a retrial of the case set for April 15.

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Columbia, Ky.

Adair County News

Published on Wednesdays.

At Columbia, Kentucky.

J. E. MURRELL, Editor
MRS. DAISY HAMLETT, ManagerDemocratic newspaper devoted to the interest
of the City of Columbia and the people of Adair
and adjoining counties.Entered at the Columbia Post-office as second
class matter.

WEDN. FEB. 23, 1921.

Subscription Price: 1st and 2nd Postal Zone
\$1.50 per year.
All Zones beyond 2nd \$2.00 per year.
A Subscription due and Payable in Advance

Announcements.

For Sheriff.

We are authorized to announce that W. B. Patterson is a candidate for Sheriff of Adair county, subject to the action of the Republican party, expressed at the August primary.

For County Judge

We are authorized to announce Geo. T. Herriford a candidate for Judge of the Adair County Court, subject to the action of the Republican primary to be held the first Saturday in August.

We are authorized to announce that Walter S. Sinclair is a candidate for re-election to the office of County Judge of Adair county, subject to the action of the Republican primary to be held the first Saturday in August.

For Sheriff.

After talking with many friends, I have decided to become a Candidate for Sheriff of Adair County, subject to the action of the Republican party at the primary election to be held on August 6th, 1921. If elected I promise faithful service in the performance of my duties, I shall feel deeply grateful to all who may see proper to give me their support and influence.
Very Truly Yours,
George Coffey.

FOR COUNTY COURT CLERK.

We are authorized to announce Mr. Bingham Moore a candidate for County Court Clerk of Adair County, subject to the action of the Republican party, as expressed at the primary, first Saturday in August.

FOR COMMONWEALTH'S ATTORNEY

We are authorized to announce that A. A. Huddleston, of Cumberland County, is a candidate for re-election to the office of Commonwealth's Attorney in this the 29th Judicial district, subject to the action of the Republican primary to be held the first Saturday in August, 1921.

FOR JAILER

We are authorized to announce Frank Wolford Miller, of the Eunice precinct, a candidate for Jailer of Adair county, subject to the action of the Republican primary, to be held in August.

FOR CIRCUIT COURT CLERK.

We are authorized to announce M. C. Winfrey a candidate for re-election to the office of Circuit Court Clerk of Adair county, subject to the action of the Republican primary to be held the first Saturday in August, 1921.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF S. C. NEAT FOR RE-ELECTION

After having talked with my friends from all parts of the County, and having received letters from different parts of the County from both the aged and the young, pledging me their support for re-election, I have decided to become a candidate for re-election to the office of County Court Clerk, subject to the action of the Republican Primary to be held on August 6th 1921.

Very Respt.,
S. C. Neat.

FOR COUNTY ATTORNEY.

We are authorized to announce Junius Hancock a candidate for County Attorney of Adair County, subject to the action of the Republican party, to be expressed at the August primary to be held August 6th.

It is only thirteen days from the date of this paper until Mr. Harding will be inaugurated President of the United States.

You now pay seven cents for riding on street cars in Louisville.

It is now said that if Will Hays goes into the Cabinet that Mr. Hert, of Kentucky, will be made Chairman of the National Committee.

The force that is at work in the Bedford, Ind., quarries have announced that their wages should be cut 40 per cent., as the cost of living has come down that much.

Before leaving the White House President Wilson will give an itemized statement of the disbursements and allotment of the \$150,000,000 war fund voted him by Congress.

Henry Watterson, the best known editor and the most effective writer in the United States, celebrated his 81st birthday at Galveston, Texas, last Wednesday, the 16th. A number of admiring friends spent the day with him.

The government is considering a proposition not to sell Camp Taylor, and to build a hospital upon the grounds for soldiers. If the plan goes through it will be the largest hospital in America. Congressman Ogden and Senator Stanley are behind the move.

Enforcing the prohibition laws is the most difficult business this government has ever undertaken. Of course the law has done a vast amount of good, yet whisky is being sold and made in nearly every county in the State. We heard a man say, the other day, who travels over a good deal of territory, "it is no trouble for men to get liquor if they have the price. The whole country is flooded with it. Peddlers will meet you on the road and say if you want any whisky it can be furnished." If there is a way to make the country dry, it has not as yet come to light.

Curt Jett, the notorious mountain outlaw, got married for the second time a few days ago. Jett was sent to the penitentiary for life, but after being behind the walls a few years he became so enthusiastically religious that he thought he could fly. His wings were not exactly in a flopping condition, but he was not daunted. He kept on saving (?) souls until finally he was parallel, and he was commissioned to go out and tell his love (?) story to the wicked on the outside. He has been doing a good business, the conversions (?) under his preaching numbering several hundred. He does not sing "Will there be any Stars in my Crown?" It is understood. He went forth and preached, and his good works followed his soul stirring exhortations.

Breeding.

We are having some nice weather at this writing, makes us feel like spring is very near and our farm work and gardening will soon begin.

The health of the community is not so good at this writing.

Mr. J. W. Reece and two sons Edgar and Jacob C. Reece, left for Louisville Monday. Jacob having gone to undergo an operation.

Mr. Avery England, who lived

near Cofer, Metcalfe Co., died Sunday evening about 2:30 o'clock. He died at James England's, who lives near Dirigo. He left his home on Friday, well and alright to visit his sister, Mrs. James England and was stricken Saturday morning. Dr. Simpson was called in to see him and he announced his case inflammation of the bowels. We extend our greatest sympathy to his wife and baby and many friends, who are left behind to mourn his loss. He was a devoted member of the Christian Church. His last words were he was sorry to leave his wife and baby but he was prepared to die.

Mrs. J. H. Branham, who lives near this place has been quite sick for a few days.

The cotton picking at Beechom Fudges, Tuesday night was largely attended and everybody reported a nice time.

Muncie Coomer, of this place, left for Georgia, Thursday, where he will be engaged in teaching. Mr. Coomer said that he would not need his overcoat to wear in the South so he would just leave it for Dr. H. B. Simpson to wear while he was away.

Miss Elsie Froedge, of this place, was on the sick list a few days of last week.

Mr. Ezra Moore, the Read Fertilizer man, was calling on his trade at this place Thursday of last week.

Mr. Noel Reece, of this place, and Samuel Breeding of Toria, were in Columbia Monday, on business.

Mrs. Jacob Reece and little son, Upton Breeding Reece and Mrs. Luey Harvey, visited at Haden Coomer's, Tuesday.

Mrs. J. H. Breeding, of Toria, sold to Mr. Lewis Reece, of this place, two ewes and one lamb. Price \$12.

Mrs. Alexander, of Burkesville is spending several days with her daughter, Mrs. H. B. Simpson, of this place.

Mr. W. T. Reece and wife spent the day Sunday with their son, Lewis Reece.

Miss Maud Coomer was visiting Friday at Jacob C. Reeces, of this place.

Mrs. Louisa Patton and Mrs. Delia Reece, of this place, are at the bedside of their father Mr. Dock Fudge, of Marrowbone, who is very sick at this writing.

The Breeding brothers, Samuel and Tennie, are hauling some nice logs to O. T. Smith's mill.

Mrs. J. H. Breeding, of Toria, and Mrs. Sophia Reece, of Weed, spent Saturday with Mrs. Jacob C. Reece of this place.

Several from this place attended Millward England's sale at Toria Saturday.

Gradyville.

Willie Wilson and family started for Francesville, Ind., the first of the week.

Mrs. Irene Page, of Sparksville has been visiting her father and mother in our city this week.

Rev. Rayburn filled his regular appointment at this place last Sunday, with a very interesting sermon.

Mr. C. S. Bell, of Red Lick, passed through here the other day en route for Columbia.

Mr. David Bridgewater, of Greensburg, called in to see us one day last week, on his return

from from Red Lick and Nell, where he had been buying hogs and cattle preparatory for the Louisville market.

Mr. M. C. Winfrey, of Columbia, was shaking hands with his many friends in town last week while looking after insurance.

Walker Bros. and R. H. Kinard, of Nell, passed through here last week with a lot of hogs that they had sold to Bridgewater and Son, of Greensburg, at prices, one cent less the Louisville market.

The popular Dept. Sheriff Geo. Coffey, of Columbia, spent a day or so in this section last week preparing for the next Adair Circuit Court.

Mr. N. B. Smith, who has been confined to his room for a number of weeks, has recovered and is now meeting his many friends out in the county.

Miss Daisy Keltner and Mr. Creed Wooten, who had the conjugal knot tied last week, are now at their home in our city ready to meet their many friends. The people of this community wish them a long and happy life.

The recent cold spell caused several hogs to be slaughtered in this community. So you see as long as we have cold weather we will have fresh sausage.

While in conversation with some of our citizens a day or so ago on the subject of the pressure of the times, in the presence of Strong Hill, who made the remark that people could live on a great deal less than they think they can, when they have to do it. He related a little of his own experience. He said, "I was twelve years old before I ever had a shoe or boot on my feet and my clothing was in proportion. I got along alright and fared sumptuously and had perfectly good health during these twelve years of shoeless life."

My old friend and cousin, Art Hurt, formerly of Craycraft, now of Dayton Ohio, spent a few days with us last week. We were glad to have him with us as a mixture of Bradshaw and Hurt blood gives us one of good Company. He never runs out of something interesting to talk about.

Several of our farmers in the eastern part of the county have putting their tobacco on the loose leaf tobacco market at Glasgow and Horse Cave, realizing fairly good prices from 10 to 15 cents per lb.

The telephone line from this place to Columbia, that was removed last fall and winter by the men that were working on the pike, in order that the machinery could pass, was replaced this week with a lot of hard work and expense. We are glad to inform the people that we are again in touch with the outside world by telephone.

The few days of warm weather sure did get a move on our farmers. They have turned the soil, sowed oats and grass seed, burned broom sage and brush poles, sowed tobacco seed and a little of everything toward farming. We are sorry to say that we have heard the remark made by several that the peaches are all killed in the bud. We hope this is not correct, but we know one thing we have not noticed any bloom on the peach trees up to this writing.

Gillian Breeding, J. H. Burns

and Marshall Roach are testing the Campbellsville tobacco maket this week. We understand that they all have very good tobacco.

Owensby.

Having been busily engaged in other pursuits and as a reminder that we are yet numbered with the living and desire to retain our place as a member of your staff, will therefore write a short missive.

Generally speaking health of the community is very good at this writing.

The farmers have not done very much plowing and general farm work in this section owing to so much rainy weather, but are making good use of the pretty weather at this writing.

Al Stephens and family and W. H. Rexroat and family, all of Russell Springs, are now citizens of our community, having recently moved to the C. C. Holt farm.

Tom P. Collins, of Lebanon, lately spent several days in this vicinity. He was accompanied home by his niece, Miss Myrtle Collins.

Mrs. Mary Ann Williams, who is one of the oldest ladies of our neighborhood, is in poor health. "Uncle Ben" Allen, merchant and Miller in the north end of the town, also Constable and proprietor of "Uncle Ben's Hotel" is enjoying a thriving business at his new location at the school house.

Sidney Holt & Co. are doing a good business with their saw mill at this place.

W. J. Lawless, who is one of the oldest men in this section and a veteran of the civil war, is in a feeble state of mind.

Rev. James L. Dodson, State Evangelist, of Louisville, recently closed a two weeks meeting at Mt. Vernon Baptist church with good results. Bro. Dodson is a great preacher and liked by everyone wherever he goes. He went from Mt. Vernon to Wellfare, which is located on the pike between Jamestown and Russell Springs, and is now at the Baptist church at Russell Springs.

On February 2, death angel visited the home of Mr. and Mrs. Finis Blakey and claimed for its own their loving little daughter Grace Murray, age about 20 months. Little Grace, was a sweet baby and was sick only a few days with what the doctors pronounced diphtheria and whooping cough. Funeral services were held by Rev. Edwad Aaron at the schoolhouse here and burial in the Lawless graveyard.

Rev. Roy Hadley, formerly of Picnic, but now of Russell Springs, has been called to the pastorate of Mt. Vernon church. Preaching will be on the 3rd Saturday afternoon and Sunday forenoon of each month. As Bro. Hadley is one of the country's best young preachers every one should make it a point to hear him whenever possible.

Russell county sure has a fine system of highways: only mudholes and gullies where the roads ought to be. There is not a single pike leading out of the county, a fact that we are all proud of. Should a person desire to make a trip or travel any during the winter season, it might be necessary to start the month before which would enable one to

get to the railroad on time; it would also be wise to take out a life or accidental insurance policy which would leave a person's family a means of support. (If he should be so fortunate as to have one.) Ob, my! when will our citizens arouse from their slumber and "take their feet out of the mire and clay."

The Graded and High School at Jamestown, is progressing nicely under the management of Profs. J. A. Jones, Claud Harmon and Miss Latitia Paull. We are glad that the citizens of town and the county are becoming aroused as to the value of a first-class County High School and are beginning to talk an up-to-date brick school building for that place.

Miss Polly Belk, an accomplished and cultured young lady of this place, but who has been teaching near Campbellsville for the past two or three years, has been offered a position in a Graded School at Shepherdsville, Ky., at a handsome salary.

Mr. Clarence Taylor, of Glensfork, fills his regular appointment at this place each Sunday.

Mr. W. T. Price, insurance man of Columbia, was in this section one day last week.

Alva Grider, of this place, but who practices Optometry at Jamestown, is enjoying a fine practice.

Glensfork.

There is quite a lot of sickness in this community at present.

Died on February 9th, Mr. J. M. Grider, a son of Mr. Martin Grider who lives near this place. He was a good man and will be greatly missed. His father Mr. M. Grider was very sick at time of his death but is better at this writing.

Miss Katherine Bennett is very sick at this writing.

Mrs. Nina Miller and little daughter Clarice, who have been in Virginia for some time, have returned home.

Mr. J. F. Abrel has been very sick but is some better at this writing.

Mr. Luther Dudley is very low at this writing.

Mr. W. P. Dudley of Glendale Ky., was visiting Mr. Willis Loy a few nights ago.

Mr. Finis Thomas, of Baltimore Md., spent a short furlough at home recently.

Mr. Charlie Webb, of Springfield Ill., is visiting old friends and relatives here.

Mr. Clarence Traylor, who is in school at the L. W. T. S. in Columbia, was visiting his grandfather, Mr. Tandy Thomas, last last Saturday night.

The Hard Luck Saw-mill Company is progressing nicely at this place.

Mr. L. J. Wilkinson, who has been very sick, is some better at this writing.

On February 5th, the friends and relatives of Mr. Tandy Thomas arrived about the noon hour and gave him a surprise birthday dinner of the choicest of edibles. A very pleasant day was spent by all and may he have many more such birthdays were the wishes of all.

It is easy to get rid of the misery of heartburn or indigestion. Herbine goes right to the spot. It drives out the badly digested food and makes you feel fine. Price, 60c. Sold by Paul Drug Co. Adv.

PERSONAL

Mr. G. R. Reed was on the sick list the first of the week.

Mr. C. J. Schreiner, Dyersville, Iowa, was here Friday.

Mr. S. B. Thompson, Jamestown, was here Thursday night.

Mr. Andrew Thompson, Liberty, was here a few days ago.

Mr. J. B. Barbee made a business trip to Lebanon last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Chelcie Barger arrived from Corbin last Wednesday.

Mr. O. V. Willett, Louisville, was in Columbia a few days since.

Mrs. Ellen Wheat, who was quite sick for some days, is reported better.

Mr. Lincoln Denton, Somerset, made a business trip to this place last week.

Mr. Hugh Sharp, of Jamestown, who is engaged in Louisville, was here last week.

Mr. A. D. Patteson is improving, but he is not able yet to leave his room.

Mr. W. F. Coast, Cincinnati, was registered at the Jeffries Hotel a few days ago.

Mrs. L. L. Eubank was quite sick several days of last week, a victim of tonsillitis.

Mr. G. W. Whitlock, Campbellsville, was over a few days ago, taking orders for groceries.

Mr. S. J. Castell, Miami, visited his sister, Mrs. W. B. Patteson, the first of the week.

Mr. R. B. Patton and Mr. Rich Dillon were in Columbia, from Breeding, the latter part of last week.

Messrs. S. W. Bledsoe and J. R. Sanders, Campbellsville, were at the Jeffries Hotel a few days ago.

Messrs. G. A. Roy and J. W. Simpson, Nicholasville, were registered at the Jeffries Hotel last Friday.

Mr. W. C. Payne and Mr. W. J. Tucker, Campbellsville, made a business trip to Columbia last Thursday.

Mr. W. R. Lyon was over from Campbellsville Friday, taking orders for Buchanan Lyon Co.'s whole sale house.

Mrs. Daisy Hamlett, who spent eight or ten days with relatives and friends in Louisville, returned home Monday night.

Mr. John F. Shaw, of Nashville, a well-known traveling salesman, who has many friends in Columbia, arrived here last Saturday.

George Nell, the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Harris, was seriously ill the latter part of last week. At this date he is much better.

Mr. J. V. White had a very bad spell with his heart last Monday morning and for an hour or two his condition was alarming. He is better now.

Mrs. Collins Bridgewater and her little daughter, Corinne Wilson, are at the home of Mrs. Bridgewater's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Breeding.

Mr. Josh Butler spent last Thursday night with his daughter, Mrs. P. P. Dunbar, this city. This is the first night Mr. Butler spent from home in many years.

Mr. C. W. Cundiff, wife and little daughter, Mildred Laverne, who spent ten days with relatives in Adair county, left for their home, Shelbyville, last Thursday.

Dr. Frank D. Hines and wife, of Denver, Colorado, who have been here for several weeks, went to Bakerton last Friday where the Doctor is putting down some wells.

Mrs. Helen Crandall, who has been living in Georgia for several years, reached here one day last week. She is a native of Columbia, and stopped with her sister, Mrs. Tola Walker.

Mrs. Dallas Goff left here last Wednesday, to spend a few weeks with her parents in Cumberland county. She was accompanied by Miss Maud Powell, who makes her home with Mrs. Goff.

Mrs. E. E. Spiller, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Todd, left for her home, Brady, Texas, last week. Her sister, Mrs. W. T. Fleson, who lives at Fort Worth, Texas, left at the same time.

WANTED.—Home in or close to Columbia. Will pay cash, what have you to offer confidential. Address C. C., this office.

On last Tuesday the 15th of February, the friends of Mrs. I. T. Farris met at her home and gave her a surprise dinner, it being her sixty-seventh birthday. There was an abundance of everything good to eat and a very enjoyable day was spent. The following were present: Messrs. and Mesdames F. I. Ingram, J. G. Farris and children, E. W. Cofer and children, F. L. Farris, J. L. Pelley and niece, Catherine Pelley, Mrs. Parson and little daughter, Mrs. P. V. Sullivan and daughter, Mrs. R. O. Sullivan and son Mrs. J. P. Farris and son, Mrs. Matt Cofer, Mrs. Willie Feese, Mrs. W. L. Farris and children, Mrs. Sallie Farris, Miss Mag Hutchison. That she may have many more happy birthdays is the wish of her many friends.

A very fast game of basket ball was played at the High School Gym last Friday night. The contestants were the Graded school small boy team of the place and the Juvenile team of the Taylor County High School. The game was promptly called and it was spirited from the start. The result was 42 for the Graded School, 20 for the visitors. A large crowd witnessed the contest.

S. M. Burdette, of this place, has sold during the past two weeks about seventy-five mules. He sold one load in Atlanta, Ga., and the remainder were sold at Willow Grove, Tenn., and Albany, Ky. All of them brought very satisfactory prices. He will hold another sale at Willow Grove on Feb. 26th, and will sell at Albany on March 6th.

Mr. and Mrs. Josh Butler were in Columbia last Thursday. Mr. Butler was in the Federal army, and served in Capt. O. B. Patteson's Company which was made up principally of Adair county men. There is only one other man living in Adair now who was in the company—W. H. Conover—who lives in the White Oak country. Mr. Butler is about 83 years old.

Mr. T. B. Phelps, of this place, was in Louisville last Tuesday and he visited all the tobacco houses that had sales on. He tells this paper that all the houses were busy and a very large amount of tobacco was sold. The best sold very well, but the common was not in demand. He saw many hogheads knocked off and it brought from 75 cents to \$34.00 per hundred.

Mr. Lander Bryant, who has been a successful school teacher of this county for eight years, left last Thursday, with his wife, for Colorado. Mr. Bryant has been in poor health for some time and was advised to seek a higher altitude. He is a gentleman who has many friends, and it is hoped that the trip will prove beneficial.

We are informed that quite a lot of work is planned for this spring in the way of altering and improving residences, but no new buildings are mentioned. The reason for not erecting new buildings is given, that lumber is too scarce and too high.

If your head is dizzy on stooping or rising suddenly and everything turns black before the eyes, you have a torpid liver. Take Herbine. It is a powerful liver regulator. Price, 60c. Sold by Pauli Drug Co. Adv.

Mr. J. M. McQueary, of Ella has received a letter stating that the remains of his son, John S. McQueary, who was killed in battle in France had been shipped, and he would be sent a telegram when the remains reach Hoboken, N. J.

Columbia Taxi Line

Ford Cars to and from Campbellsville Daily. Rates \$1.50 each way. Phone No. 52-E or 12, or see R. L. Wethington, Columbia, Ky. 12 tf

Mr. J. N. Coffey is now carrying his right arm in a sling, the result of a fall he received last Saturday morning in attempting to mount his horse. His foot slipped from the stirrup and in falling, his arm was severely sprained.

I want to buy either a cherry or walnut old fashioned post bedstead. It must be in good condition. Mrs. Daisy Hamlett, Columbia, Ky.

To-day, Tuesday, the 22nd, is Washington's birthday.

Fourth Class Postmaster Examination.

The United States Civil Service Commission has announced an examination to be held at Campbellsville, Ky., on March 12, 1921, as a result of which it is expected to make certification to fill a contemplated vacancy in the position of fourth-class postmaster at Cane Valley and other vacancies as they may occur at that office, unless it shall be decided in the interests of the service to fill any vacancy by reinstatement. The compensation of the postmaster at this office was \$335 for the last fiscal year.

Applicants must have reached their twenty-first birthday on the date of the date of the examination, with the exception that in a State where women are declared by statute to be at full age for all purposes at eighteen years, women eighteen years of age on the date of the examination will be admitted.

Applicants must reside within the territory supplied by the post office for which the examination is announced.

The examination is open to all citizens of the United States who can comply with the requirements.

Application blanks, Form 1763, and full information concerning the requirements of the examination can be secured from the postmaster at the place of vacancy or from the United States Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C.

Applications should be properly executed and filed with the Commission at Washington, D. C., at the earliest practical date.

The Work of the Fordson.

The thanks of this town in due Mr. Bert Epperson, who represents Buchanan Lyon Co., this place. Last Sunday morning when the snow was so deep that footmen could scarcely get over the pavements and automobiles could not move over the streets, he got out his Fordson Tractor and clean off all the roads leading out of town, and it was done in a very short time. Mr. O. C. Hamilton operating it. The Fordson does the work of six or eight mules, and does it much quicker. It is a puzzle to know how men who cultivate large farms can do without this machine.

Lumber and Corn.

Boxing, framing and corn for sale. 17-4t A. B. Corbin, Phone, 113-I

Phelps Bros. sold a car load of hogs and cattle on the Louisville market last week. The hogs brought 10 cents and the cattle from 4 to 11 cents.

For Sale.

Two very choice homes in Columbia. They are priced right, and if you are looking for something good it will pay you to see us AT ONCE.

THE KEMPER COMPANY.

Royse City, Texas.

Feb. 11th, 1921.

Mr. Editor:—Please excuse my tardy renewal. I can't well do without the News, as it is the only way I can get the news of the old State. Your article, first column, first page, issue Feb 2nd, took me back to the old days when a boy. Several things or people you failed to mention, Watt Hardin, my hero when a boy, and Judge Parker Hardin, his father, then the McKees, Rev. John L. and his brother, and you have never had a better school than they taught in the old college. Those days, if I mistake not, you were a little sandy-haired, freckled-faced boy, whose chief talent was walking on your hands with your feet in the air. (I may be mistaken in this) but the boy was a Murrell. Then there was Elijah Cravens, son-in-law of Benjamin Bomar, and deputy sheriff, and father of Ben Cravens, now living in Iowa.

Sincerely, W. T. Carter.

Your recollection of the Editor of the News is correct.—[Ed News]

Soldiers of Camp Knox have raised a fund of \$866 for the starving children of Europe.

Burkesville, Ky.

Feb 14th, 1921.

Editor News:—

Cumberland county is to the front again with another good well on Brush Creek, making the sixth good well in this pool without a dry hole. The well above referred to is No. 1 on the Clint Keen 40 acre tract, which lays just across Brush Creek from the Gilbert 35 acre tract. This well was drilled by the South Kentucky Oil Company, a new company which was organized here on the 12th day of last month. This well is an onset well to Gilbert No. 4 and also to Radford No. 1, as all three of these farms corner right between these three wells. Gilbert No. 5 is due in shortly. There are now four machines huddled up on this little creek and another one—a new one—due any time. The new machine is being brought in by J. M. and Kelly Kash and will be put to work on the Radford lease on which they recently brought in No. 1 with a very small machine. They mean to discard the small machine or use it for pumping.

The Daniel Boone Oil Company recently brought in a well on the G. W. Coop, Jr., farm on Sulphur creek, in the southern part of this county. The Gartian Oil Company brought in a good well on this same lease just before Christmas, this lease having been divided between these two companies. Both are good wells and no dry holes.

Very truly, S. A. Cary.

For Sale.

One Ford car 1917 model in good condition, one Ford 1920 model, with starter, one Buick six 1920 model. Will sell or trade either for good pair mules.

Lucien Brockman, Ozark, Ky.

Petersburg, Ky.

Feb., 18, 1921,

Editor.

Dear Sir:

Please find enclosed check for paper another year. I think your paper will be back to the old price next year as Mr. Harding said he wanted the country back where it was before the war. Oh well the country voted for a change and I am thinking they are getting it, both in the State and nation.—Like the chicken got the ax.

Your truly, W. C. Yates

For Sale.

I have several extra fine Jersey milk cows for sale. These cows range in age from 3 to 6 years old.

Joe Barbee, Columbia, Ky. 18-3t

Hematite, Mo.

Adair County News, Columbia, Ky.

Dear Editor:

Please find inclosed money for your good old paper for the year of 1921. We could not do without it. Can hardly wait for Thursday to come. Hope to see the news of Toria or Sparksville printed often as we read of many of our dear old Adair county friends. Everything is dull here now but hope to see it better soon.

Very truly yours, T. F. Janes.

Basket Ball.

Country Club vs Cville High School Wednesday night at C. H. S. Gym. Admission 25c. Line up Frankum and C. Dunbar. Forwards, J. Dunbar, Center, Pickett Bros. and Royse Guards.

In an attack of acute rheumatism in which there is much pain Ballard's Snow Liniment is a necessary part of the treatment. It is a powerful pain relief. Three sizes, 30c, 60c, and \$1.20 per bottle. Sold by Pauli Drug Co. Adv.

BIG Shoe Sales Now On

Now is your Chanca to get Bargains in Shoes. I am overstocked and must reduce my stock regardless of cost. All my Merchandise is Marked down with the present market.

L. M. Smith,
Cane Valley, Ky.

CONDEMN HIGH PRICED STOCK FOOD

Prominent Hog Raiser Says Prices Charged are Unwarranted—Makes His Own Hog Food With Better Results

"That he is all through paying fancy prices for stock foods and hog remedies and that he is raising some of the best hogs ever placed on the market was the statement made recently by E. E. Beckstead, well-known hog raiser and authority on live stock.

Mr. Beckstead's hogs are the envy of his neighbor, and have "topped the market" for several years in Iowa. He states that for years he bought high-priced hog foods and hog remedies, but he is all through paying extravagant prices for what he can make himself. He states that what the hogs need are minerals, and tells the secret of his wonderful success by explaining that he takes about five pounds of ordinary mineraline (which is pure concentrated minerals and cost only a couple of dollars) and mixes same with enough bran or filler to make a hundred pounds. All hogs, and especially brood sows require minerals as they keep them free from worms, and in the pink of condition, and are essential to the hogs growth and a well balanced ration. This inexpensive mixture placed in a sheltered box where the hogs can get at it as they need it, will produce far better results than any high priced so-called stock foods.

Send two dollars to The Mineraline Chemical Co., 1638 North Wells St., Chicago, Ill., and they will forward you by prepaid parcel post, enough mineraline to make a full hundred pounds.

Toria.

Am glad to say that health is still good in this vicinity of which every individual should be thankful, as I fear we get neglectful sometimes in expressing thanks for the many blessings that God bestows upon us.

O. W. Breeding and family were visiting at J. H. Breeding's one night recently.

J. C. Reece has gone to Louisville to undergo an operation. He was accompanied by his father, J. W. Reece, and brother, Edgar, who have recently recently returned and report Jacob progressing nicely.

Misses Genio Garmon and Edna Platt were the pleasant guests of Miss Birchie Harvey Monday.

Mrs. L. A. Harvey is spending a few days at the home of her granddaughter, Mrs. J. C. Reece.

Mrs. McKinley Jessie, of Red Lick, visited at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Patton, a few days ago.

Misses Lora and Elizabeth Hurt, of Cofer, were the guests of Misses Dora, Mary and Dolly Patton, Monday night.

WANTED

Fox or Coon Hounds and Bird Dogs, that can stand the test afield. Describe what you have, first letter. O. S. Evans, Somerset, Ky.

Res. Phone 13-B. Business Phone 13-A

Dr. J. N. Murrell

—DENTIST—

Office, Front Rooms Jeffries Bldg.
UP STAIRS.
COLUMBIA, KY

Mrs. J. H. Breeding spent Wednesday and Thursday with her daughter Mrs. J. C. Reece near Breeding.

T. P. Bseeding was calling on the Cofer merchant Wednesday afternoon.

Messrs. Baskel and Haskel Hagan, of Tompkinsville, accompanied by Ramond and Hugh Hagan, of Edinonton, visited Rev. Levi Hagan, recently.

The singing at Fipis Roaches Friday night was a very enjoyable affair, everyone reports.

Misses Zorada and Ada Reach spent Tuesday night at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Finis Coomer.

Ed Janes and Finis Coomer, have returned from Campbellsville, where they delivered tobacco. They failed to hear the report of prices.

J. H. Breeding and son N. B. were in Columbia Monday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Reece, accompanied by Rollin Keltner, visited the home of J. H. Breeding last Saturday night and Sunday.

J. T. Harvey was at Cofer, on business, recently.

Lenes Reece purchased of J. Breeding, two black sheep.

Threatened with indictment, 900 dog owners took out licences in and day at Richmond, Ky.

Accept
No Substitutes
for
Thedford's
BLACK-DRAUGHT
Purely
Vegetable
Liver Medicine

Continued from Page 2.

The reason for the runaway dawned on Bryce instantly. The road, being privately owned, was, like most logging roads, neglected as to roadbed and rolling stock; also it was undermanned, and the brakeman, who also acted as switchman, had failed to set the hand-brakes on the leading truck after the engineer had locked the air-brakes. As a result, during the five or six minutes required to "spot in" the caboose, and an extra minute or two lost while the brakeman struggled with the recalcitrant lock on the switch, the air had leaked away through the worn valves and rubber tubing, and the brakes had been released—so that the train, without warning, had quietly and almost noiselessly slid out of the log-lading and started on its mad career. There was nothing to do now save watch the wild runaway and pray, for of all the mad runaways in a mad world, a loaded logging train is by far the worst.

For an instant after realizing his predicament, Bryce Cardigan was tempted to jump and take his chance on a few broken bones, before the train could reach a greater speed than twenty miles an hour. His next impulse was to run forward and set the hand-brake on the leading truck, but a glance showed him that even with the train standing still he could not hope to leap from truck to truck and land on the round, freshly peeled surface of the logs without slipping, for he had no corks in his boots. And to slip now meant swift and horrible death.

Then he remembered. In the wildly rolling caboose Shirley Sumner rode with her uncle, while less than two miles ahead, the track swung in a sharp curve high up along the hillside above Mad river. Bryce knew the leading truck would never take that curve at high speed, even if the ancient rolling stock should hold together until the curve was reached, but would shoot off at a tangent into the canyon, carrying trucks, logs, and caboose with it, rolling over and over down the hillside to the river.

"The caboose must be cut out of this runaway," Bryce soliloquized, "and it must be cut out in a devil of a hurry. Here goes nothing in particular, and may God be good to my dear old man."

He jerked his axe out of the log, drove it deep into the top log toward the end, and by using the haft to cling to, crawled toward the rear of the lead and looked down at the caboose coupling. The top log was a sixteen-foot butt; the two bottom logs were eighteen-footers. With a silent prayer of thanks to Providence, Bryce slid down to the landing thus formed. He was still five feet above the coupling, however; but by leaning over the swaying, bumping edge and swinging the axe with one hand, he managed to cut through the rubber hose on the air connection.

After accomplishing this, axe in hand, he leaped down to the narrow ledge formed by the bumper in front of the caboose—driving his face into the front of the caboose; and he only grasped the steel rod leading from the brake-chains to the wheel on the roof in time to avoid falling half stunned between the front of the caboose and the rest of the logging truck. The caboose had once been a box car; hence there was no railed front platform to which Bryce might have leaped in safety. Clinging perilously on the bumper, he reached with his foot, got his toe under the lever on the side, jerked it upward, and threw the pin out of the coupling; then with his free hand he swung the axe and drove the great steel jaws of the coupling apart.

The caboose was cut out! But already the deadly curve was in sight; in two minutes the first truck would reach it; and the caboose, though cut loose, had to be stopped, else with the headway it had gathered, it, too, would follow the logging trucks to glory.

For a moment Bryce clung to the brake-rod, weak and dizzy from the effects of the blow when, leaping down from the loaded truck to the caboose bumper, his face—had smashed into the front of the caboose. His chin was bruised, skinned, and bloody; his nose had been broken, and twin rivulets of blood ran from his nostrils. He wiped it away, swung his axe, drove the blade deep into the bumper and left it there with the haft quivering; turning, he climbed swiftly up the narrow iron ladder beside the brake-rod until he reached the roof; then, still standing on the ladder, he reached the brake-wheel and drew it promptly but gradually around until the wheel-blocks began to bite, when he exerted his tremendous strength to the utmost and with his knees braced doggedly against the front of the caboose, held the wheel.

The brake screamed, but the speed of the caboose was not appreciably slackened. "It's had too good a start!" Bryce moaned. "The momentum is more than I can overcome. Oh, Shirley, my love! God help you!"

He cast a sudden despairing look over his shoulder downward at the coupling. He was winning, after all, for a space of six feet now yawned between the end of the logging truck and the bumper of the caboose. If he could but hold that tremendous strain on the wheel for a quarter of a mile, he might get the demon caboose under control!

After what seemed an eon of waiting, he ventured another look ahead. The rear logging-truck was a hundred yards in front of him now, and from



"I'll Hold You Yet, You Brute."

the wheels of the caboose an odor of something burning drifted up to him. "I've got your wheels locked!" he half sobbed. "I'll hold you yet, you brute. Slide! That's it! Slide, and flatten your infernal wheels. Hah! You're quitting—quitting. I'll have you in control before we reach the curve. Burn, curse you, burn!"

With a shriek of metal scraping metal, the head of the juggernaut ahead took the curve, clung there an instant, and was catapulted out into space. Logs weighing twenty tons were flung about like kindling; one instant, Bryce could see them in the air; the next they had disappeared down the hillside. A deafening crash, a splash, a cloud of dust—

With a protesting squeal, the caboose came to the point where the logging-train had left the right of way, carrying rails and ties with it. The wheels on the side nearest the bank slid into the dirt first and plowed deep into the soil; the caboose came to an abrupt stop, trembled and rattled, overtopped its center of gravity, and fell over against the cut-bank, wearily, like a drunken hag.

Bryce, still clinging to the brake, was fully braced for the shock and was not flung off. Calmly he descended the ladder, recovered the axe from the bumper, climbed back to the roof, tiptoed off the roof to the top of the bank and sat calmly down under a manzanita bush to await results, for he was quite confident that none of the occupants of the confounded caboose had been treated to anything worse than a wild ride and a rare fright, and he was curious to see how Shirley Sumner would behave in an emergency.

Colonel Pennington was first to emerge at the rear of the caboose. He leaped lightly down the steps, ran to the front of the car, looked down the track, and swore feelingly. Then he darted back to the rear of the caboose.

"All clear and snug as a bug under a chip, my dear," he called to Shirley. "Thank God, the caboose became uncoupled—guess that fool brakeman forgot to drop the pin; it was the last car, and when it jumped the track and plowed into the dirt, it just naturally quit and toppled over against the bank. Come out, my dear."

Shirley came out, dry-eyed, but white and trembling. The Colonel placed his arm around her, and she hid her face on his shoulder and shuddered. "There, there!" he soothed her affectionately. "It's all over, my dear. All's well that ends well."

"The train," she cried in a choking voice. "Where is it?"

"In little pieces—down in Mad river."

"Bryce Cardigan," she sobbed. "I saw him—he was riding atop on the train. He—ah, God help him!"

The Colonel shook her with sudden ferocity. "Young Cardigan," he cried sharply. "Riding the logs? Are you certain?"

She nodded, and her shoulders shook piteously.

"Then Bryce Cardigan is gone!" Pennington's pronouncement was solemn, deadly with its flat finality. "No man could have rolled down into Mad river with a trainload of logs and survived. The devil himself couldn't. He heaved a great sigh, and added: 'Well, that clears the atmosphere considerably, although for all his faults, I regret, for his father's sake, that this dreadful affair has happened. Well, it can't be helped, Shirley. Poor devil! For all his damnable treatment of me, I wouldn't have had this happen for a million dollars.'

Shirley burst into wild weeping. Bryce's heart leaped, for he understood the reason for her grief. She had sent him away in anger, and he had gone to his death; ergo it would be long before Shirley would forgive herself. Bryce had not intended presenting himself before her in his battered and bloody condition, but the sight of her distress now was more than he could bear. He coughed slightly, and the alert colonel glanced up at him instantly.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" The words fell from Pennington's lips with a heartiness that was almost touching. "I thought you'd gone with the train."

"Sorry to have disappointed you, old top," Bryce replied blithely, "but I'm just naturally stubborn. Too bad about the atmosphere you thought cleared a moment ago! It's clogged worse than ever now."

At the sound of Bryce's voice, Shir-

ley raised her head, whirled and looked up at him. He held his handkerchief over his gory face that, the sight might not distress her; he could have whooped with delight at the joy that flashed through her wet lids.

"Bryce Cardigan," she commanded sternly, "come down here this instant."

"I'm not a pretty sight, Shirley. Better let me go about my business."

She stamped her foot. "Come here!"

"Well, since you insist," he replied, and he slid down the bank.

"How did you get up there—and what do you mean by hiding there spying on me, you—oh, you!"

"Cuss a little, if it will help any," he suggested. "I had to get out of your way—out of sight—and up there was the best place. I was on the roof of the caboose when it toppled over, so all I had to do was step ashore and sit down."

"Then why didn't you stay there?" she demanded furiously.

"You wouldn't let me," he answered demurely. "And when I saw you weeping because I was supposed to be with the angels, I couldn't help coughing to let you know I was still hanging around, ormy as a book agent."

"How did you ruin your face, Mr. Cardigan?"

"Tried to take a cast of the front end of the caboose in my classic countenance—that's all."

"But you were riding the top log on the last truck—"

"Certainly, but I wasn't hayseed enough to stay there until we struck this curve. I knew exactly what was going to happen, so I climbed down to the bumper of the caboose, uncoupled it from the truck, climbed up on the roof, and managed to get the old thing under control with the hand-brake; then I skeddaddled up into the brush because I knew you were inside, and



"Well, Since You Insist."

By the way, Colonel Pennington, here is your axe, which I borrowed this afternoon. Much obliged for its use. The last up-train is probably waiting on the siding at Freshwater to pass the late-lamented; consequently a walk of about a mile will bring you a means of transportation back to Sequoia. Walk leisurely—you have lots of time. As for myself, I'm in a hurry, and my room is more greatly to be desired than my company, so I'll start now."

He lifted his hat, turned, and walked briskly down the ruined track.

Shirley made a little gesture of dissent, half opened her lips to call him back, thought better of it, and let him go. When he was out of sight, it dawned on her that he had risked his life to save hers.

"Uncle Seth," she said soberly, "what would have happened to us if Bryce Cardigan had not come up here today to trash your woods-boss?"

"We'd both be in Kingdom Come now," he answered truthfully. "But before you permit yourself to be carried away by the splendor of his action in cutting out the caboose and getting it under control, it might be well to remember that his own precious hide was at stake also. He would have cut the caboose out even if you and I had not been in it."

"No, he would not," she insisted, for the thought that he had done it for her sake was very sweet to her and would persist. "Cooped up in the caboose, we did not know the train was running away until it was too late for us to jump, while Bryce Cardigan, riding out on the logs, must have known it almost immediately. He would have had time to jump before the runaway gathered too much headway—and he would have jumped, Uncle Seth, for his father's sake."

"Well, he certainly didn't stay for mine, Shirley."

She dried her moist eyes and blushed furiously. "Uncle Seth," she pleaded, taking him lovingly by the arm, "let's be friends with Bryce Cardigan; let's get together and agree on an equitable contract for freighting his logs over our road."

"You are now," he replied severely, "mixing sentiment and business; if you persist, the result will be chaos. Cardigan is practically a pauper now, which makes him a poor business risk, and you'll please me greatly by leaving him severely alone by making him keep his distance."

"I'll not do that," she answered with a quiet finality that caused her uncle to favor her with a quick, searching glance.

He need not have worried, however,

for Bryce Cardigan was too well aware of his own financial condition to risk the humiliation of asking Shirley Sumner to share it with him. Moreover, he had embarked upon a war—a war which he meant to fight to a finish.

CHAPTER IX.

George Sea Otter, summoned by telephone, came out to Freshwater, the station nearest the wreck, and transported his battered young master back to Sequoia. Here Bryce sought the doctor in the Cardigan Redwood Lumber company's little hospital and had his wrecked nose reorganized and his cuts bandaged. It was characteristic of his father's son that when this detail had been attended to, he should go to the office and work until the six o'clock whistle blew.

Old Cardigan was waiting for him at the gate when he reached home. George Sea Otter had already given the old man a more or less garbled account of the runaway log-train, and Cardigan eagerly awaited his son's arrival in order to ascertain the details of this new disaster which had come upon them. For disaster it was, in truth. The loss of the logs was trifling—perhaps three or four thousand dollars; the destruction of the rolling stock was the crowning misfortune. Both Cardigans knew that Pennington would eagerly seize upon that point to stint his competitor still further on logging equipment, that there would be delays—purposeful but apparently unavoidable—before this lost rolling stock would be replaced. And in the interim the Cardigan mill, unable to get a sufficient supply of logs to fill orders in hand, would be forced to close down.

"Well, son," said John Cardigan mildly as Bryce unlatched the gate, "another bump, eh?"

"Yes, sir—right on the nose."

"I meant another bump to your heritage, my son."

"I'm worrying more about my nose, partner. In fact, I'm not worrying about my heritage at all. I've come to a decision on that point: We're going to fight and fight to the last; we're going down fighting. And by the way, I started the fight this afternoon. I whaled the wadding out of that hucko woods-boss of Pennington's, and as a special compliment to you, John Cardigan, I did an almighty fine job of cleaning. Even went so far as to muss the Colonel up a little."

"Wow, wow, Bryce! Bully for you! I wanted that man Rondeau taken apart. He has terrorized our woods-men for a long time. He's king of the mad-train, you know."

Bryce was relieved. His father did not know, then, of the act of vandalism in the Valley of the Giants. This fact strengthened Bryce's resolve not to tell him.

Arm in arm they walked up the garden path together.

Just as they entered the house, the telephone in the hall tinkled, and Bryce answered.

"Mr. Cardigan," came Shirley Sumner's voice over the wire.

"Bryce," he corrected her.

She ignored the correction.

"I—I don't know what to say to you," she faltered. "I rang up to tell you how splendid and heroic your action was—"

"I had my own life to save, Shirley."

"You did not think of that at the time."

"Well—I didn't think of your uncle's, either," he replied without enthusiasm.

"I'm sure we never can hope to catch even with you, Mr. Cardigan."

"Don't try. Your revered relative will not; so why should you?"

"You are making it somewhat hard for me—to rehabilitate our friendship, Mr. Cardigan."

"Bless your heart," he murmured. "The very fact that you bothered to ring me up at all makes me your debtor. Shirley, can you stand some plain speaking—between friends, I mean?"

"I think so, Mr. Cardigan."

"Well, then," said Bryce, "listen to this: I am your uncle's enemy until death do us part. Neither he nor I expect to ask or to give quarter, and I'm going to smash him if I can."

"If you do, you smash me," she warned him.

"Likewise our friendship, I'm sorry, but it's got to be done if I can do it. Shall—we say good-by, Shirley?"

"Yes-s-s!" There was a break in her voice. "Good-by, Mr. Cardigan. I wanted to know."

"Good-by! Well, that's cutting the mustard," he murmured sotto voce, "and there goes another bright day dream." Unknown to himself, he spoke directly into the transmitter, and Shirley, clinging half hopefully to the receiver at the other end of the wire, heard him—caught every inflection of the words, commonplace enough, but freighted with the pathos of Bryce's first real tragedy.

"Oh, Bryce!" she cried sharply. But he did not hear her; he had hung up his receiver now.

The week that ensued was remarkable for the amount of work Bryce accomplished in the investigation of his father's affairs—also for a visit from Donald McTavish, the woods-boss.

"Hello, McTavish," Bryce saluted the woods-boss cheerfully and extended his hand for a cordial greeting. His wayward employee stood up, took the proffered hand in both of his huge and callous ones, and held it rather childishly.

"Well! 'Tis the wee liddle hissel," he boomed. "I'm glad to see ye, boy."

"You'd have seen me the day before yesterday—if you had been seeable," Bryce reminded him with a bright smile. "Mac, old man, they tell me you've gotten to be a regular go-to-hell."

The Louisville

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"I suffered for a long time with womanly weakness," says Mrs. J. R. Simpson, of 57 Spruce St., Asheville, N. C. "I finally got to the place where it was an effort for me to go. I would have bearing-down pains in my side and back—especially severe across my back, and down in my side there was a great deal of soreness. I was nervous and easily upset."

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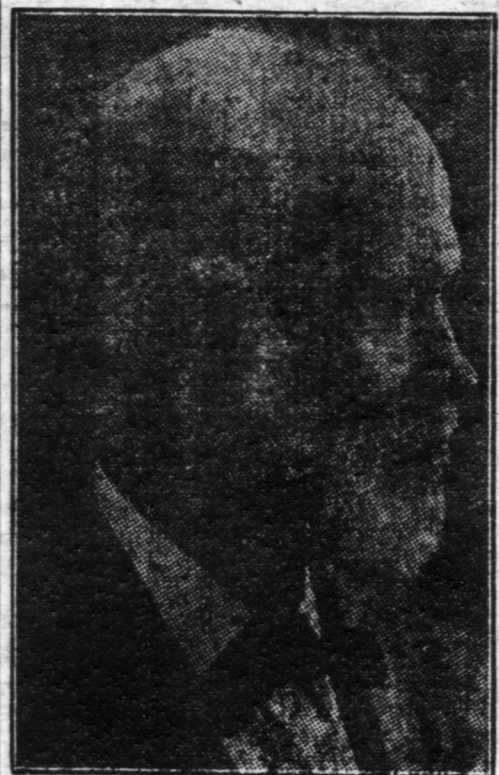
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RAISED TO DATE**

BAPTIST 75 MILLION CAMPAIGN
MAKING GOOD PROGRESS,
COMMISSION REPORTS.

CASH ROUND-UP IN SPRING

Effort Will Be Made During March
and April to Secure Cash on All
Pledges Due to May
1, 1921.



DR. J. B. GAMBRELL
President Southern Baptist Con-
vention, who will tour the South.

Up to December 1, 1920, Southern
Baptists had paid \$16,851,100.68 in
cash on their subscriptions to the 75
Million Campaign, according to an an-
nouncement issued by the Conserva-
tion Commission, which is looking af-
ter all the general interests of the
campaign. This sum has been appor-
tioned among foreign missions, home
missions, state missions, Christian ed-
ucation, hospitals, orphanages and
ministerial relief, in accordance with
the original campaign program.

While the receipts from the cam-
paign have enabled all the agencies of
the denomination to greatly enlarge
their work the returns have not been
as large as the best interests of the
work demand, it is said, and the local
churches throughout the South are
asked to join in a movement to bring
up the payments on all subscriptions
due by May 1, in order that the dele-
gates can go to the Southern Baptist
Convention at Chattanooga, May 12,
with a clean slate and all the gen-
eral work adequately provided for.

Will Hold Day of Prayer.

Inaugurating this spring cash round-
up campaign, February 27-March 6
has been designated as intercession
week by the Baptist women of the
South, while the entire membership
of the Baptist churches is asked to
join in spending Wednesday, March 2,
as a day of prayer for God's blessings
and guidance in the further campaign
work.

After this special period of prayer
the remainder of March will be given
over to enlisting all the members of
all the Baptist churches in the South
in the matter of completing the cam-
paign program by paying that por-
tion of the subscriptions due by that
time, and in bringing the members to
see their obligation to support God's
work through the dissemination of the
doctrine of stewardship. April has
been designated as loyalty month and
during that time effort will be made
throughout the South to bring Baptists
to realize that their loyalty to God
and His work demands the pay-
ment, where at all possible, of their
pledges to the campaign.

Southwide Tour Is Planned.

In order that the subscribers to the
campaign may be fully informed on
what has been accomplished so far,
and as to the needs for the comple-
tion of the campaign program, a se-
ries of informational and inspirational
meetings that will reach into every
state in the South has been planned
for March and April. These meetings
will be featured by addresses by Dr.
J. B. Gambrell, president of the South-
ern Baptist Convention, and Dr. E. Y.
Mullins, president of the Southern
Baptist Theological Seminary, who
have just returned from a six months'
tour of the mission fields of Europe,
and who will tell of conditions they
found there; Dr. L. R. Scarborough,
general director of the campaign, and
other persons of prominence. These
meetings will be held at central points
in the various states, and from these
central meetings associational and dis-
trict rallies will be formed in the hope
of taking the campaign message to all
the people.

Large Relief Work Done.

Secretary Love of the Foreign Mis-
sion Board reports that Southern Bap-
tists, within the last few weeks, have
contributed \$147,284.20 in cash for the
relief of suffering peoples in Europe
and China, above their campaign con-
tributions, and that the Baptist women
of the South have contributed \$100,-
000 worth of first-class clothing for
the needy families of Hungary.

**BOND ISSUE IS
NOT NECESSARY**

GOOD ROADS PROGRAM HAS NOT
FALLEN DOWN SAYS STATE
ASSOCIATION.

McBYRDE GIVES FIGURES

Kentucky Compares Favorably With
Other States in Record of Construc-
tion and Prospects For Ample Funds
to Continue For Next Ten Years.

Louisville, Ky.—The Kentucky Good
Roads Association was the first organi-
zation in the State to concentrate its
efforts on the creation of a State High-
way Department and the building of a
State-wide system of highways. It has
seen the movement for good roads in
Kentucky grow from a few voices cry-
ing in the wilderness into as good a
system of highway administration as is
enjoyed by any of the States.

Naturally, together with all other
Kentuckians, its membership has been
much concerned recently by the repeat-
ed reports made to the public and the
press that the whole system is "going
to pot" for lack of funds and that
the only thing that will save it will
be an extra session of the Legislature
to submit to a vote of the people a
bond issue estimated at anywhere from
\$25,000,000 to \$60,000,000.

Investigation made by Robert J. Mc-
Byrde, President of the Good Roads
Association, has disclosed the fact that
not only is Kentucky not in need of a
bond issue to build roads, but that
it now has more money for this pur-
pose and is building more roads and
better roads than ever before in its his-
tory. If the present pace can be main-
tained, Kentucky's entire system of
highways will be completed within the
next ten years.

Actual conditions as taken from the
official record are as follows:

Total State Aid Road Fund now available for road construction	\$2,100,000.00
Total Federal Road Fund now available for road construction	3,028,257.31
County appropriations made but not yet under contract	2,998,007.00

Total available road
fund

The State Highway Department dur-
ing 1920 has had under contract a total
of 649.91 miles of Federal and State
Aid Roads at a total cost of \$7,687,-
507.38. Of this mileage 347.8 have
been completed.

In addition, the State Highway De-
partment has co-operated with the
counties in the maintenance of 104.91
miles of state highways built under the
provisions of the former State Aid
Maintenance Law.

At the beginning of the year 1921
the State Highways Department has
completed surveys and plans and is
ready to advertise for bids on 197.7
miles of Federal and State Aid Roads.
Surveys have been made and plans
partially completed for an additional
330.9 miles of such roads and surveys
have been completed on another 234.3
miles.

There has been favorably reported
by the Roads Committee of both the
United States House of Representa-
tives and the United States Senate a
bill increasing by \$100,000,000 per year
the Federal appropriation for roads.
If this bill becomes a law, Kentucky's
Federal Aid quota will be increased
\$2,000,000 annually. The amount pro-
duced by general and special state
taxes will of necessity increase each
year.

Kentucky in the past year has had
\$8,000,000 to spend for roads, and there
is every reason to believe that within
the next three years Kentucky's an-
nual road-fund will be not less than
\$10,000,000.

For the first time in its history Ken-
tucky not only has a completely
equipped State Highway Department,
but all of the money that is needed to
administer it successfully.

**FATHER POISONS HIS
STARVING CHILDREN**

Kentuckian Receives Letter From
China Telling of the Horrible
Famine Conditions There

40,000,000 FACE DEATH

So dreadful are the famine condi-
tions in China, a father poisoned his
family to save them from the suffering
of starvation. The 40,000,000 people
who face starvation now are beginning
to die from the dreaded typhus.

These conditions are described in a
letter to the Rev. Dr. E. Y. Mullins,
Louisville, chairman for Kentucky of
the China Famine Fund, and also are
told of in the report of the American
Minister at Peking sent to President
Wilson. The campaign to save these
people from starvation was launched
by the President.

10,000,000 Are Children.

The American Minister states that
of this number, 15,000,000 are sub-
sisting on dry leaves and 10,000,000 of
them are children.

Dr. Mullins says this famine is the
greatest since the one in 1876 when
"the world stood aghast at the death
of millions by starvation and cold.
The horrors of that year are at our
very doors," he said.

The area involved is larger than
France and embraces Shantung, Shan-
si, Chihli and Honan.

A missionary in a letter received
yesterday by Dr. Mullins, says:

"This dreadful famine follows five
years of crop-failures. Millions of
men, women and children are eating
the last of their dry leaves. The win-
ters here are very cold but these peo-
ple have no fuel—they depend on
leaves and gleaning stalks to heat
their huts—they have neither.

Typhus Upon Them.

"This appeal is not ours but theirs.
I passed from Tchow to Tientsin,
there was only barrenness, wheat had
been sown in some few spots, but it is
a long wait until harvest time and now
typhus is upon us.

"I found one very pathetic case.
The cow that had kept the family alive
for months, failed to give milk for lack
of feed. She had to be sold for a trifle.
The father prepared a good meal of
"Beodsi," dumplings for his family.
His little daughter asked how it was
that they were having such good food
after weeks of hunger. After they had
eaten, he told them that he had put
poison in each dumpling and all would
soon be out of their misery. He could
not bear to see them starve and they
were dead when I arrived.

"Please send money for these poor
human beings. The railroad into
Manchuria will haul wheat free of
charge but we haven't enough money
to buy the wheat."

Dr. Mullins has sent an appeal to
the clergy of Kentucky to relate the
experiences of this missionary. Joseph
Burge, treasurer of the Famine Fund,
sends the funds to China through the
State Department at Washington.

**Heads State Drive
To Feed Chinese**



DR. MULLINS is chairman in
Kentucky for the China Famine
Fund. This campaign which
was launched by President Wilson, is
to raise money to feed the 40,000,000
Chinese now facing death from starva-
tion.

**Midnight Fire Sweeps
Graves in City of Dead**

Santa Barbara.—Midnight in
a silent city of the dead is not
exactly the expected place for a
fire, but a blaze which originat-
ed in the little chapel in the
Santa Maria cemetery swept
over numerous mounds, razing
wooden headpieces and other-
wise doing considerable damage
to stone and marble monuments
nearby.

The cemetery chapel, valued
at \$2,000, was totally destroyed.
Hoboes sleeping in the chapel
are said to have been responsi-
ble.

Fit of Coughing Saves a Fit of Coffin.

Huntington, W. Va.—Five years ago
Carl Jacobs, while chewing a piece of
locust wood, "inhaled" a thorn which
had come from the bark. Since then
his health has been bad and he has
suffered violent pains in the chest. It
was feared he had tuberculosis. He's
recovering now following a fit of
coughing in which the thorn was ex-
pelled.

Subscribe for The News.

**TO SAVE FISH
ALONG COAST**

Pollution of Water and Catching
in Nets Is Cause of Serious
Condition.

NEW JERSEY STARTS MOVE

Experienced Fishermen Say That Sup-
ply of Migratory Fish Has Been
Seriously Depleted—Other Sea-
board States Are Sufferers.

Newark, N. J.—A movement has
been started in New Jersey to save
from extermination the migratory fish
which spawn in one place and move
along the Atlantic coast with the
changing of the seasons—such as
mackerel, menhaden, herring and nu-
merous other varieties peculiar to cer-
tain localities on this coast. Experi-
enced fishermen declare that the sup-
ply of these migratory fish has been
seriously depleted by the pollution of
the areas in which they spawn and by
the reckless manner in which they
have been caught in nets.

The method proposed by the New
Jersey Fish and Game Conservation
league to prevent from extermination
is to induce the United States govern-
ment to take control of and regulate
the catching of these fish and stop pol-
lution of the spawning areas. It is
contended that only in this way can
the increasing cost of fish food to the
consumer be checked or reduced.

Four Fundamental Points.

The four fundamental points in the
New Jersey league's proposal for na-
tional legislation are:

Protect spawning areas against pol-
lution.

Prevent fishing in spawning areas.
Regulate the size of the meshes of
nets so the immature fish cannot be
caught.

Protect the natural food supply of
eatable fishes.

The fourth point has to do with one
of the most perplexing phases of the
salt water problem—the matter of the
menhaden industry. The menhaden,
otherwise known as mossbunker, which
once swarmed along the coast in in-
calculable numbers, attracting hordes
of edible fishes that preyed on them, have
been slaughtered right and left to pro-
duce oil and fertilizer. In the view of
experts their end is not far off, and
with their passing will disappear from
Atlantic coastal waters many of such
edible species as now remain.

Fisheries Board Breaks Down.

Efforts to cope with the problem
through state regulation here have
failed utterly, the last straw being the
complete breakdown of the state board
of fisheries, which had been created
by legislative enactment with a view to
increasing the supply of food fishes and
reducing the cost to the consumers.
The five members of the board resigned
in a body in July, 1919, and there have
been no reappointments.

Investigation by a committee of vet-
eran coast men disclosed an equally
deplorable condition. It is said, in
other seaboard states. It was learned, also,
that fisheries officials of Connecticut
and Maryland agreed with those of
New Jersey that a federal law was the
only remedy.

INTERNAL ORGANS MISPLACED

Hospital Patient in Vermont Has
Heart, Liver and Stomach on
Wrong Side.

Rutland, Vt.—William Bowen of
West Charleston, Vt., twenty-six,
a patient at the Vermont sanitarium
in Pittsford, is a curiosity to the med-
ical world.

All his internal organs are on the
wrong side. He has tuberculosis, but
this has nothing to do with the mis-
placed organs.

The transposition was discovered
when an x-ray picture was taken by
Dr. Clarence T. Ball here to determine
the condition of the lungs. It had been
known that Bowen's heart was not in
the customary place, but the x-ray
showed the stomach on the opposite
side, the liver on the left instead of
the right and the vermiform appendix
on the left.

Bowen is expected to recover from
tuberculosis.

**French Baby Has Heart
in Pouch Outside Body**

Paris.—Paris medical authori-
ties were called to Solsons to
examine an infant born to a
working family with heart and
intestines contained in a pouch
on the outside of the child's
body. The case was said to be
the first of its kind on record.
There is every indication that
the child will live, as all the or-
gans are functioning perfectly
despite their displacement.

Gas Well Rests on Sundays.

Sharon, Pa.—A "religious" gas well
which does not produce on Sunday
is owned by the Champion Oil and
Gas company of McKeesport.

The well produced gas every day
during July, except on the four Sun-
days, according to a report made by
Sigmund Josephthal, secretary-treas-
urer of this company, addressing a
meeting of stockholders here.

As Clear as Mud.

The man has just informed the Pullman agent that he wanted a Pullman berth.

"Upper or lower?" asked the agent.

"What's the difference?" asked the man.

"A difference of fifty cents in the case," replied the agent.

"The lower is higher than the upper. The higher price is for the lower. If you want it lower you will have to go higher. We sell the upper lower than the lower. In other words, the higher (the lower. Most people don't like the upper, although it is lower on account of being higher. When you occupy an upper you have to get up to go to bed and get down when you get up. You can have the lower if you pay higher. The upper is lower because it is higher. If you are willing to go higher, it will be lower."

But the poor man had fainted.

The Newspaper.

Business, as a rule, like friendships is based upon reciprocity.

We do not choose for our friends persons who do not like us, and we should not favor with our business those who do not help us, either in a general or specific manner.

The obligation of a community to a newspaper is frequently forgotten, because it is taken for granted that a newspaper will do its part for the community, will do its part for the community, whether it meets with reciprocity or not.

There is hardly a public enterprise that does not depend, to a more or less degree, upon the newspaper. It gives those enterprises a support, invariably without promise of reward, and frequently without hope of reward. To all church, charitable and beneficent undertakings it opens its columns, and bestows upon them space, which is its stock in trade. It boosts the county; boosts the town, and boosts its public and private undertakings.

Never overlooking an opportunity to place its friends in a favorable light before the public, the country newspaper, especially, does not print the evil and unpleasant unless it is a matter of compulsion in fulfilling its duty to the reader.

It is a friend of the church, the school, the lodge, the patriotic and the charitable organization. It knows no church or creed in those whom it exploits.

A newspaper is a sort of big brother to them all, and it takes an interest in the success of each.

Elizabethtown News.

Surprise Birthday Dinner.

On last Thursday, Feb. 3, the friends and relatives of W. T. Selby met at his home near Esto to make a surprise birthday dinner, it being his fiftieth birthday. He was very much surprised.

It was one of the most elaborate dinners ever given in the Esto community, and it is needless to say that it was highly enjoyed. The afternoon was spent in social converse, and before the assembly separated to go to their respective homes Rev. James Sullivan made a very appropriate talk and offered prayer.

The number present was 53.

CAREER OF DEMOCRATIC CABINET MEN.

What Moving Day Means to Woodrow Wilson and His Aids

Alone among the members of his official family, President Wilson intends to remain in Washington after March 4. The report that he would go into seclusion on leaving office was scouted at the White House by Secretary Tumulty.

"The President will continue to take an active interest in the country's affairs," he said. "He will live in Washington and it will appear in public. He resented the reports that he would go into seclusion, and wanted to know on whose authority they had been published."

Mr. Tumulty intimated that the President might take an active part in the reorganization of the Democratic party, although he has thus far refused to take sides in any party controversy.

Vice-President Marshall, on the contrary, looks forward with glad anticipation to March 4, on which day he will become, and remain a private citizen. He says he is through with politics forever.

"I've been in politics all my life," he said. Now I'm done. The first thing I am going to do is make some money. For the last twelve years I've been in office. It has kept me poor. Looks as if, granting I'm ever going to make any money, I'd better be starting I have a family to support."

A lecture tour will keep him occupied several weeks. Then he is going to Europe for the first time in his life.

"I'm not going to tell 'em what's wrong with Europe," he said. "I'm not going to confer with any 'leading minds.' They should be glad to see me over there. They don't often see an American who has not a mission."

Secretary of State Colby will return to his home and probably resume his law practice in New York.

Secretary Daniels will go back to Raleigh as editor of the News and Observer.

The Secretary of War and Mrs. Baker have made their reservations and will leave on March 5 for Cleveland where Mr. Baker's law office awaits his coming.

Attorney General Palmer will also practice law, either here or in Stroudsburg, Pa.

Secretary of Interior Payne will tender his resignation as director general of railroads. He will divide his time between Washington and Chicago and will devote himself to the work of the south park commission in Chicago, of which he is president.

Postmaster General Burleson will return to Texas to his private affairs.

Mr. Meredith, secretary of agriculture, will return to his home in Des Moines and the management of "Successful Farming," which he established in 1902.

Secretary of the Treasury Houston, Secretary of Commerce Alexander and Secretary of Labor Wilson have no definite plans.

Senator Herding indicates that he will not appoint a Southern man to the Cabinet.

Fairplay.

Several from here attended county court at Columbia Monday.

Mr. Amos Loy bought of Mr. Melvin Earles one young mare Price \$160.

Mr. J. W. Bennett was visiting his uncle Z. L. Bennett, Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Tabor spent Sunday with their parents Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Tabor.

Mr. Lander McIntire attended meeting at Harvey Ridge Schoolhouse, Sunday.

Mrs. Hattie Bennett and children were visiting Mrs. Ella Pulliam Sunday night.

Died on Feb. 9th, Mr. J. M. Grider, of near this place. He was a son of Mr. Martin Grider, who is very low at this writing. He was 50 odd years of age and was a good citizen. The funeral and burial took place at the home on Thursday. Peace to his memory.

Mrs. Helen Green, of Campbellsville, arrived last Monday to be at the bedside of her brother Mr. J. M. Grider, who died Wednesday.

Mr. Amos Loy sold, recently, a nice bunch of shoats to Mr. A. Guthrie at 9 cents.

Lizzards have begun to run the fence and eggs have gone to the bad, so we poor hillbillies are up against it. There is very little ground plowed. We must try and live, even though Harding is President.

\$600,000.

A conference of Southern Methodist leaders has been called to meet in Louisville, Ky., Wednesday, Feb. 23, for the purpose of completing financial plans to secure \$600,000 within the bounds of the Louisville conference, for educational purposes and connectional interests.

Bishop Collins Denny, of Richmond, Va., will be the ranking church official present and Dr. J. H. Reynolds, director of the Christian Educational Movement, will also be in attendance. The entire college of the presiding elders together with the newly created education commission of the conference, the chairman of every annual conference board, the financial and educational secretaries, conference lay leaders and district financial directors will take part in the discussions.

The six schools to participate in the general fund to be secured are: Logan College, Russellville; John Locke School, Elkton; Lindsay Wilson, Columbia; Kentucky Wesleyan, Winchester; Marvin University, Clinton; and John C. Mayo College, Paintsville.

The time set for securing this large amount throughout the church has been set for May 29-June 5. Regarding the financial depression in some quarters Director General Reynolds said: "We are trusting in God, not prosperous times. The movement is timely and is a challenge to our faith in higher values. The Southern Methodist last year spent \$908,000,000 for luxuries alone; we are only asking that our people spread out over five years less than half what they spent for automobiles. The church has access to sources of courage and power unknown to the marts of the trade, and with

faith in God, the Southern Methodists will bring both the spiritual and financial objectives to glorious realization."

SIT DOWN

A MINUTE AND THINK

Size Up Your Condition. Look at the Facts Squarely.

IT PAYS TO HAVE GOOD HEALTH

Most Illnesses Are Prevented by a Good Supply of Rich, Red Blood Take Pepto-Mangan, the Red Blood Builder

Either you are in good health or you are not. There's no half way. You may think nothing of being a little run down. It may not worry you if you look pale. You may think you'll be all right tomorrow or next day. But will you?

Certain it is when you do not feel just right, you are not right. There is probably something the matter with your blood. And while you can get around and do your work you are leaving yourself open to any of the diseases that are always waiting to take possession of run down people.

When you are pale and easily tired, when you cannot enjoy your meals, when you lose enthusiasm, your blood needs attention.

Take Pepto-Mangan for awhile. It is a great tonic. It will build up your resistance to disease, and you will soon feel stronger. The little red corpuscles are fighters. They battle with disease germs and win out when there are enough of them. Keep your system well supplied. Then you will keep well and you will enjoy life.

But be certain you get the genuine Pepto-Mangan. Ask for it by the full name—"Gude's Pepto-Mangan." Some people take it in tablet form. It is so convenient. The liquid and the tablets have the same medicinal value. Look for the name "Gude's" on the package.—Advertisement

Is the Writer of the Following a Pessimist?

The early church prayed in the upper room, the Twentieth Century church cooks in the supper room. Today the supper room has taken the place of the upper room! Play has taken the place of the upper room! Play has taken the place of prayer, and feasting the place of fasting. There are more full stomachs in church than there are bended knees and broken hearts. There is more fire in the range in the kitchen than there is in the church pulpit. When you build a fire in the church kitchen, it often puts out the fire in the pulpit. Ice cream chills the fervor of spiritual life. The early Christians were not cooking in the supper room the day the holy ghost came but they were praying in the upper room! They were not waiting on tables, they were waiting on God; They were not waiting for fire from the stove, but for the fire from above. They were detained by the command of God, and not entertained by the cunning of men. They were all filled with the holy ghost, not stuffed with a stew or roast. Oh, I would like the cooking squad put out and the praying band put in. Less Ham and Sham and more of God. Less Pie and more Piety. Less use for the cook and more use for the Old Book. More love and more life. Fewer dinners and more love for sinners. Let's have a church full of waiters, but let them be waiters on God.—The Interior Journal.

America's Blessings.

Those who would bury themselves in gloom because the inflated war prosperity of America could not continue indefinitely should contrast the condition of our country with that of some of the other belligerents.

There are still bread-lines in Italy, riots sweep Ireland, and a part of that unhappy land is under martial law; neither England nor France have recovered from the shocks of the war.

Coming to the Far East, the New York World draws the following picture of conditions there:

"The hand of industry is palsied with fear and doubt. Confidence is a premium. Credit is hardly obtainable. Physical deterioration goes hand in hand with moral degeneracy. Lawlessness is everywhere rife. Famine stalks the streets of China and other lands. Conditions in Austria, Russia, Poland Serbia and Armenia beggar description.

"Disease is as universal as distress. There are millions of cases of typhus fever in Russia, Lithuania, Poland, Hungary, Rumania. Cholera is sweeping through Japan, Korea and Asia Minor. Bubonic plague is to be found in every Mediterranean port from Egypt to Tunis. Smallpox is threatening Italy, Greece and Scotland."

With a world filled with woe, distress and sorrow, how pitiful are the moans of the pessimists of the United States.—Ex.

Obituary.

The death angel visited the home of Bro. Ernest Stotts and called for his soul to go on the 14th of Feb., 1921. He was born Feb. 9, 1896, which makes him 25 years and 5 days old. He professed faith in Christ about four and one-half years ago, and lived a true christian life until the end came. He was married to Miss Bulah Bean about two years ago. He leaves a wife and baby, father, mother, brothers and two sisters to weep. He was taken very bad and was sick about four weeks. Funeral services were held at the church, conducted by Rev. Firkin. A large crowd attended the services. The body was laid to rest at his old home place. Weep not loved ones he is not dead but asleep. Prepare to meet your loved one in Heaven. Be true to God and you will meet Bro. Ernest again. May God watch over Bulah and little Marie through the years to come, until they can become a reunited family in a home where there will be no more sad parting.

Written by a cousin,

John Stotts.

European Relief.

Louisville, Ky. David Wark Griffith, who is doing his bit with the moving picture people in the interest of the European Relief Council participates in the special matinee on Saturday, January 29th with fifteen productions of his new photoplay, "Way Down East". In some cities there will be two performances of the Griffith Play instead of one given as a benefit for the starving children of Europe, the total proceeds being donated.

Mr. Griffith, who is a Kentuck-

ian, expected to be in Louisville for the opening of "Way Down East" at Macauleys this week but failing to keep his engagement has sent word that he is cooperating with the European Relief Council and with Mr. Hoover with the deepest interest and hope that every Kentuckian who is able is sharing in the cost of saving these little Europeans lives.

Liquid Borozone is an efficient healing remedy for human or animal flesh. It mends a severe wound, sore, cut or scratch in the shortest possible time. Price, 30c. 60c. and \$1.20. Sold by Paul Drug Co. Adv.

HISTORIC TRACT BEING RECLAIMED

Famous "Campagna Romana" Is Being Cultivated and Is Yielding Big Crops.

LAYS IDLE FOR MANY YEARS

Since the Fall of the Roman Empire This Once Fruitful Tract Has Been Uncultivated—To Reclaim Many Thousand Acres.

Ostia, Italy.—Efforts are being made to reclaim and plant parts of the vast tract of land which stretches for several miles around Rome and goes by the name of the "Campagna Romana." It has been allowed to remain idle and uncultivated ever since the fall of the Roman empire.

Before that time it was a sort of terrestrial paradise; villas and gardens were dotted all over it as far as the eye could see. It was luxuriant with fruits and flowers. It supplied food and work for thousands upon thousands of men, it was one of the most beautiful and intensely cultivated spots in the world.

When Rome, however, was obliged to resign her position as "the mistress of the world," the "campagna" was abandoned and gradually became a marshy, malaria-infected desert, inhabited only by a few hardy shepherds.

New Law Having Effect.

Now, however, the law which was recently passed, decreeing that anyone who does not cultivate his land to the utmost of its capacity is liable to have the land confiscated, is beginning to have its effects. Prince Aldobrandini has engaged a company to reclaim a huge estate of several thousands of acres, which he owns in the "campagna."

The work already has begun and an experimental station has been set up at Ostia. The land was first of all drained and then arrangements were made to obtain water from the Tiber for irrigation. Electric tractors to draw the plows were then bought and various kinds of fruit, vegetables and cereals were cultivated in order to find out how fertile the land is and what kind of crop it is most adapted for.

Yields Prolific Crops.

The results were beyond the wildest hopes of any of the promoters of the company. The land, after lying idle for centuries, seems to have stored up its fertility throughout all that time and now yields crop upon crop with unstinting hand.

An attempt has even been made to grow cotton here and the experiment has been successful, but how successful it has been impossible to determine, as the cottonseed used was of the worst quality obtainable. This year, however, it is proposed to plant American or Egyptian cotton. So happy have the results at the experimental station been, that it is hoped that soon work may be begun for the total reclaiming of the whole of the "campagna."

BLACK CAT RESTORES SIGHT

War Veteran Sees Dimly After Fright—Ducking in River Does the Rest.

London.—Charles Appleby, who went to France in the Royal Air Force in 1914, was severely wounded in the Ypres salient. He lay unconscious in a hospital for ten months with a fractured skull, and when he recovered, was blind. He was sent to St. Dunstan's hospital.

While there, a black cat jumped on Appleby's head. The shock had the effect of enabling him to see just a glimmer of daylight with his left eye. He left the hospital and returned to Kingston, being able to go about with a dog to lead him.

He wandered into the river a few weeks ago, but was rescued. It was then found that the shock of the immersion had partly restored the sight of the right eye.

He was given several powerful electric shocks, and now, after having been blind for four years, he has fully recovered his sight.

Adair County News \$1.50